CHIRON RISING

DECEMBER '90/JANUARY '91

$6.95

THE FRIAR'S 70TH
BIRTHDAY ISSUE

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

MORE COLOR PHOTOS THAN EVER!
Writers CLAY HOWARD, XYLOPHANG, BILL HARRIS, SEAN BAILEY, SAXON, THR FRIAR, JASON P. WILLIAMS and PAUL NELSON
Artists ABE, SKUA, WOLF, CORNELIUS, QUETZAL and SAM II
Models THE FRIAR, RICHIE II , KENT JUSTICE, THE COLONEL, CAMERA MAN, THE GARDENER and SILENUS HONEY . . . plus 18 NEW MODELS, including RUSSIAN BEAR
PLUS . . . the most effective personal ads for mature men and their admirers in the entire world!

GREETINGS!

Since this issue is in celebration of The FRIAR's 70th birthday, his usual column will be replaced with a rather special article he wrote, called THIRTEEN MONTHS, an account of his thirteen months in a prisoner-of-war camp during World War Two (see page 32). We therefore decided that we'd start you off in the true spirit of Christmas. The following letter with accompanying photo was sent to us by the man we most want to see have a Merry Christmas.

Dear Pat and The Friar: Thank you for your gift and letter of June. I feel ashamed that I haven't forced myself to write sooner. I haven't written because I have a number of physical problems. Auto-immune disease in three different manifestations and degenerative arthritis top the list. There are also diabetes and hypertension and others. I am retired on disability. I have had a dramatic increase in the crippling of my body with the arthritis and I have been almost helpless. The arthritis in my spine starts at my neck and I have nerve problems all the way down. My hands "freeze" at night like claws and the pain is bad. This all cut loose with a vengeance after I started to use garden equipment this spring and began doing some heavy duty work around the house. My doctor can only offer drugs and expensive treatments which I can't afford. Oh yes, he said that I should quit doing the work I was doing. But I have no choice because of finances and I fear that my decision to junk the house and find assisted living will be forced upon me sooner than I ever would have expected. My hopes of writing are on ice for now as well as my correspondence. I am praying that with the winter cessation of lawn chores that some of the muscle and nerve problems will remit and that I can coast along as before this growing season. Apart from a fixed income, I must spend over half of it each month for medications. They just keep going up in price! Somebody is making money somewhere. I guess I'm learning to cope because I don't feel so desperate as I did, although there are times when I just get nutsy wanting to touch someone. I am afraid of physical contact any more because of my aches and pains. I am now counting <u>years</u> between sexual contacts and it boggles my mind (before I break down in giggles) that it is actually <u>me</u>! But the desire doesn't completely die, and that is frustrating. I keep hoping that my balls will dry up and the sap will stop flowing. And being impotent doesn't kill desire either. All I can say is, thank God for VCRs and videotape! I love my "kids" and do not denigrate their support and physicality, but they aren't human and there are times when human touch seems to be the only thing that could meet the moment's need. It passes as all things do. Having been alone all my life is paying off now, in a sense. My very precious dog (husky-wolf hybrid) has developed septic arthritis and her pain is worse to me than my own. I have promised not to let her suffer and she has started in with cortisone injections. This year, Christmas may be very dreary. My equally precious cats have sensed the dog's misery and have been much kinder to her. We are all geriatric and unwell. Cats are ten years and dog is eleven years old. They are my joy, my delight. They are also a blessing. I live in the center of the ghetto here and it is *tough.* This city was featured on 48 HOURS last spring. Drug dealing and gunfire isolate me even more. I'm ashamed to say it but one becomes inured to the horror. We moved here forty years ago before the ghetto moved here. I own this old house and it isn't much, but it's mine. It's unsaleable because of the drug scene, so when the time comes to find assisted living I may just have it razed and abandon the property for taxes. Thanks again. You're very kind. I pray that God will bless you and keep you safe. I believe in His love and care. My hands are screaming—enough already! So, I'll quit for now. My hands are causing tears and you don't need a soggy letter, so good-bye for now. Thank you again for your kindness and generosity. I shall look forward to CHIRON RISING. Gratefully and with affection. **WAYBURNE**

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This man need not suffer a dreary Christmas. As a matter fact, you Seattle/Tacoma readers could immeasurably enrich your own Christmas by reaching out for this brother in need of compassion and simple human touch. NORTHWEST CHUBBIES, how about it? MATURE FRIENDS? Somebody? Write to WAYBURNE in care of CHIRON RISING. No forwarding stamp is necessary.]

THIS PUBLICATION IS DEDICATED TO THOSE MATURE MEN AND THEIR MALE ADMIRERS WHO SEEK ENTERTAINMENT WHICH GLORIFIES SOCIAL, SPIRITUAL AND SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN ADULT MALES. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIAL, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER!

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PUBLISHER/EDITOR
Patrick H. Colley

BIG BOSS
The Friar

WRITERS/ARTISTS/ PHOTOGRAPHERS/MODELS
Our Subscribers

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L E T T E R S

A NOTE OF THANKS

[Editor's Note: The following is a very moving letter from one reader to another.]

Dear Sir: Just a note to thank you VERY MUCH for the CR gift subscription you sponsored, for which I'm the recipient. The sponsorship is a very nice thing for you to do for someone. I'm sure the reason you donated to CR in this manner is in an effort to help ensure that Pat and The Friar succeed in their publishing effort. I'd like to make a comment or two and hope that Pat and T.F. peruse this letter before sending it along to you. Though the magazine fairly oozes sexuality, it isn't lurid or pornographic in the usual sense. It CAN be a one-handed reader, but through the sincerity of its publishers it retains a wholesome folksiness about it. On the surface, it appears dedicated to cocks and balls (how nice), but the magazine is much more than that—if that wasn't enough. The comments about avoiding undesirables, the periodic health columns and the obvious sincerity the two fellas have about wanting nice people to meet other nice people in a dignified manner fairly leaps from the pages and into one's mind. Re: the content, I don't know your sexual bag, but I surmise, since you were motivated enough to make a donation, you enjoy the magazine content as it is. No one can please everyone. Sometimes, I don't go 100% with every picture, drawing or story, but rather than curse the darkness, I'll try to light a candle by telling Pat and The Friar to stay the course and publish that which appeals to them, and them alone. I'm not a decorator, but I know you don't just buy furniture when you hire a decorator—you buy his or her taste. When I could buy CR, I bought Pat and The Friar's tastes. I still do. Er, rather, you do .... Thank you, Sir. You are a kind and thoughtful person indeed. Best regards, R.H./Florida.

A SPECIAL PLACE

Dear Pat and The Friar: Thanks for your article on the HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS. My friend and I went to San Francisco on vacation from Florida and spent three very nice and relaxing days with Dave and his dog, Annie. He is a very good host and a nicer person. Tell your readers that his place is a must stop in the Russian River area. Thank you for CHIRON RISING. D.L./Tampa

AREN'T DEADLINES A BITCH?

Dear Fellas: How pissed you must feel about being conned into prematurely reporting Mr. Mike's (October 90, page 11) closing. If it's any consolation to you, the bartenders and manager were bemoaning the "imminent" closing for weeks and the renewal of the bar's lease was virtually a last minute decision. You'll be further pissed to know that Royal Appliance's president (October 90, page 23, NO ONE SELLS IT LIKE THE BOSS) has lost a substantial amount of weight for the current campaign of television and print ads and isn't stocky any more. Anonymous/Los Angeles.

THOSE SUNLIT, DREAMY DAYS

Dear CR: Your October issue is my favorite to date. The pictures are really good, and I was very impressed by the talent of CORNELIUS in the drawing of the sitting bear on page 53. I had a laugh at the line you captioned RAM's drawing on page 50: "... the kind of artwork that would give us respectability." Yes, a huge cock leaking precum will always help one achieve respectability! Loved it! Your editorial and that wonderful caption both sparked in my mind why I like CR so much. It's because I can relive the way gay life was in the seventies, when we would go to visit for a weekend and end up staying nude the whole time, admiring each other's lovers or tricks—or even each other—without necessarily doing anything with them but admire. I am 49, and I feel so bad for the young mainstream of gay kids today who can't have the wonderful magical live-your-fantasy-out the way we did. I thank you so much for letting me put aside today's gray clouds for a time and relive those sunlit, dreamy days when fun was what we lived for all the time. One last opinion: although I too find super masculine men with women to be sexy, and really like women myself too, I don't think the kind of pictures that are exciting elsewhere ever come out successful in a homosexual-oriented publication. It should work if you just think about it, but it never does come off well, for some reason. I noticed someone requested such photos in CR. Although they work in hetero situations, they fall flat in the kind of magazine that tailors itself to homosexual fantasies. You do a great job! G.M./New Jersey

WHAT HAPPENED TO BORDEN LEWIS AND OTTO?

Dear Gents: I've been meaning to tell you how much I enjoy the art you publish. Like everyone else, I miss the work of SKUA and am going to go on missing it. I'm sorry BORDEN LEWIS didn't take off. That looked like it was going to be fun. But most of all I wish you still ran the work of OTTO. I'm writing him a letter to see if he might sell me a drawing. Anyway, yours continues to be the only magazine I read cover to cover. If you ever need help, let me know. I wish I could have answered your ad for a third man to work the magazine, but I suspect you had lots of replies. Hope you get someone with the right skills and the right spirit. Best for another year. You speak for all of us, you know. P.P./ New York

[Editor's Note: Both BORDEN LEWIS and OTTO have been encouraged to submit more artwork, but have yet to do so. We've received very few replies for the Third Man spot.]

A COMPLIMENT FROM A PEER

Dear Pat and The Friar: Since I'm an editor myself, I have a taste for the masochistic thrill of publishing. You do a wonder-

ful job. The text is always literate (also spelled correctly), the stories, articles and editorials personal and warm—and warming—above and below the waist. And MY GOD! the men! Are you guys just lucky or have you signed a pact with the Devil? Immediately to my mind and other areas come visions of THE COLONEL, IRONWORKER, HORNBLOWER, KORV, CC., ROADRUNNER II—paradise found. As a boy, I was excited by "older men" and tho an "older man" myself now, still favor the genre. I love the authenticity of the bodies in your magazine: bald heads, wrinkles, jelly rolls, liver spots, body hair (I love body hair!)—but mostly the smiles and the relaxed and comfortable feeling your men have with their own bodies. I only look in the mirror sideways now and in dim light—but I think your guys are teaching me to like my 56-year-old body as it is. Just when the world in general is getting me down, in the mail comes CHIRON and restores both my amiability and my libido. What great timing! J.P./ San Diego

[Editor's Note: Oh, we make mistakes all right, but thanks to our spell checker software and volunteer proof readers, most are caught. No pacts. We're just lucky to have such wonderful and talented readers who keep us going with great photos, writing and artwork. This magazine is a brotherhood of love.]

ON COLOR BLINDNESS

Dear Pat and The Friar: As always, I'm delighted when CR arrives in my mailbox, as I look forward to what the magazine has to offer. What has prompted this letter is both the Friar's message on your mini-get-aways from home and your very interesting comments on becoming color blind. I don't know what made you give an account of that birthday party you two attended, but as a Black gay man, I certainly appreciated reading your story. I'm sure you realize you have a lot of men of color who are subscribers, and frankly I feel it took some courage for you to write about that experience. It simply fosters the fact that we are all human beings, gay, young, old, and of many skin hues. That's why I've always loved the magazine's comment relative to personal ads: "Clearly specify what you seek, not what you exclude." I dare say, you most likely will get some interesting feedback. I trust it is as positive as your comments. Bye the bye, I want to thank you both for your support of CONVERGENCE '90 in Chicago. It was wonderful, a great success with well over 250 men, and as far away as Japan! A lot of CR subscribers!! I'm sure Jason P. Williams will give you a full report. Sincerely, Lee Gardener/GIRTH & MIRTH CHICAGO

HATE L.A. . . . LOVE DALLAS

Dear Boys: Re: October's LETTERS (PAT & THE FRIAR IN THE FAST LANE?), I have been to some of those parties and watched the Rolls Royce and Mercedes Benz cars roll up and deposit silver-haired men adorned with gold and diamonds. I've listened to all the bull shit about the value of their houses, their celebrity friends and where they take their dogs for grooming. You see it in all the upscale communities of the Southern California area, especially Palm Springs. Okay, to a certain extent you see it in other large cities, but Southern California takes the prize. If L.A. is so . . . *special* . . . then why is it that much smaller San Francisco can support twice as many social organizations for mature people as L.A.? San Francisco has two Girth & Mirth clubs and will surely have a PRIME TIMERS group in the future. The two attempts at starting PRIME TIMERS clubs in Southern California failed miserably and soundly, due to a self-indulgent lack of interest. I really don't like Los Angeles and will be moving to Dallas the first of the year. I don't like the foul air or the clogged freeways or the "war zone" ghettos, where "gangbang" casualties are on a par with the dark days in Beirut. I've grown to detest (name withheld) Bar, where loud-mouthed barflies wag bitchy lines, like, "Oh, honey, I saw you in *CHIFFON Rising*," as previous CR models strut and pose in the fading light of their paltry "fame." CHIFFON? These guys may look like men, but they sound like *drag queens* . . . hardly CR material! May you publish forever. D.B./Beverly Hills

THE VALUE OF A LIFE

Dear Pat and The Friar: I wonder how many readers are fully aware of the fantastic scope and variety, as well as the high caliber of potential contacts, made available to us through CR. In addition to the limitless combinations of turn-ons engendered by subscribers, representing all types of encounters during our lengthening years, I've been overwhelmed by the number of close and quality ongoing friendships which originated with contacts through your pages. While our fantasy lives increase in activity as we mature (and Ma Bell might be astonished at the number of orgasms she has facilitated) I've found that in person, affection and friendship seem to be the paramount needs. Among the meaningful and lasting friendships which originated with CR, I now include John in Michigan, Carl and Al in San Francisco, Eric in Riverside and Chuck in Oklahoma City; as well as many others with whom I touch base periodically. Without the standards you have set and maintained, I extremely doubt if this would have been possible. In addition, the networking opportunities are limitless. While I was President of Metro N.Y. Prime Timers, after picking up and running with the ball thrown out by Woody Baldwin, close to 10% of the members came from middle America and the West Coast, learning of the club through CR, and interacting with the Eastern members through the roster, visiting, and hosting. One of the local members travelled through the Midwest and southern states, staying exclusively with CR subscribers whom he had contacted through your pages. According to my own personal philosophy, which is that the value of our life is measured in the number of other lives it has affected, you and THE FRIAR have scored a goal, having created the means by which innumerable maturing fellows can reach out to satisfy each other's needs. God bless you! Ken Gould, Ft. Lee, NY

HE PREFERS BARTER TO CHARITY

Dear Pat and The Friar: Thank you for notifying me that my subscription is up for renewal. I would like *very much* to renew, but am unable to do so for the following reasons: I am

unemployed (company unexpectedly closed) and I gave my '90-'91 CR renewal money to a man I met (through CR). He's had a very hard year and he needed groceries. In addition, I've paid his rent for a couple of months. Oh, he's 64, so those West Hollywood twinks who rely on sugar daddies can kiss my 36-year-old, hard-working ass! Would it be possible to give me a donated gift subscription? In exchange, I can return to you my past issues for resale or donation to someone else. In fact, this would be preferable, as I'm a strong believer in the "work ethic" and would prefer a barter to charity. Sincerely, G.H./ Southern California

[Editor's Note: G.H. received a donated subscription for his kindness. Since we don't resell our merchandise, we urged him to enjoy his back issues forever.]

ONE HAPPY MODEL

Dear Pat and The Friar: I want you to know how pleased I am with how you handled the presentation of my picture with JOSEPH (August-September 90, page 24). As you know, I have gotten quite a bit of fan mail. I have a date this weekend with one of the persons who wrote me and another possible date later with another. I am enjoying correspondence with three more. To top it all off I have a letter from someone in England. I haven't had such excitement in years, and I am enjoying every minute of it. I had no idea such fine results would emanate from your carrying that picture. You can tell from the tone of this letter that I am very happy about this. I feel goose-bumpy with the love I feel for you two fellows for what you are doing for older Gays. It is certainly a boon for me. Even without all this special attention I still was feeling great admiration for you. By the way, my "Coming Out" story is being published this fall. I love you guys. Affectionately, NEAL/Cleveland

[Editor's Note: NEAL's story is featured in BI ANY OTHER NAME: BISEXUAL PEOPLE SPEAK OUT, edited by Lani Kaahumanu and Loraine Hutchins, Alyson Publications, $11.95 in paperback at bookstores.]

HEALTHY INTEREST IN LIVING WILLS AND DURABLE POWER OF ATTORNEY

Dear Pat and The Friar: We both read CR cover to cover, and I especially enjoy the nonfiction articles. I've learned a lot, and just today wrote for the form for the living will and power of attorney from the Hemlock Society. This really is important, especially for me since my lover has six grown children. I can see trouble down the road if we don't get things arranged ahead of time. I really miss the travel articles. If you ever meet another agent who is knowledgeable about travel of interest to mature gay men, please try to sign him on to do a column. I'm sorry we never got to go to Mardi Gras, but our company is the busiest during that time of year. By the way, since you hear from many areas of the country, has anyone suggested starting a chapter of PRIME TIMERS in the Philadelphia area? Probably not or you would have mentioned it in CR. Well, men, I'll close by just saying how much I appreciate what you do, and wish you all the happiness, health and success in the world. Sincerely, J.K./Eastern Pennsylvania

[Editor's Note: We know of no plans for a Philadelphia PRIME TIMERS chapter. If anyone is interested in starting a chapter, please contact Woody Baldwin at the Austin chapter.]

Dear Friends: In regard to LEGAL EAGLE mention of the Living Will and Durable Power of Attorney forms available from the Hemlock Society (October 90 issue): I checked with their national office in Eugene, Oregon, today and learned that the fee is now $3.00 for each set and they are available only by mail, due to certain legalities. Be sure to mention the state of residence, as most states have different requirements. As to the "Chiron Who" item on page 8: About a month ago when I saw my first copy of CR I looked up "Chiron" in my dictionary for pronunciation (Ki-run) and learned that it was "In Greek mythology, the wisest of the centaurs." This, I concluded, was very apropos, especially with "Rising" as I pictured your wise centaur rising above other publications. Cordially, M.E.S./ Nevada

BALL CLUB

For men who have 'em and men who want 'em, the BALL CLUB is a world-wide communications network with a lively, quarterly newsletter full of hot stories, articles, photos, drawings and hundreds of explicit, personal ads from members of all ages and ethnic backgrounds. If you're at all into this part of the male anatomy, you'll find what you want in the BALL CLUB. For free information, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: BC/SW, P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769

MAKING CONTACT WITH GAY MEN IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD? IT IS POSSIBLE THROUGH **INTERGAY**, AN INTERNATIONAL GAY PEN CLUB. FOR INFORMATION, PLEASE WRITE TO **INTERGAY**, HAAGWEG 198, 2324 NB LEIDEN, THE NETHERLANDS. REPLY BY RETURN OF POST (YOUR NAME OR ADDRESS WILL NOT BE USED IN THE U.S.A.)

PRIME TIMERS

Is an international social and support organization for older gay and bi men and their admirers. Contact the club in your region for more information.

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Dallas, TX 75354

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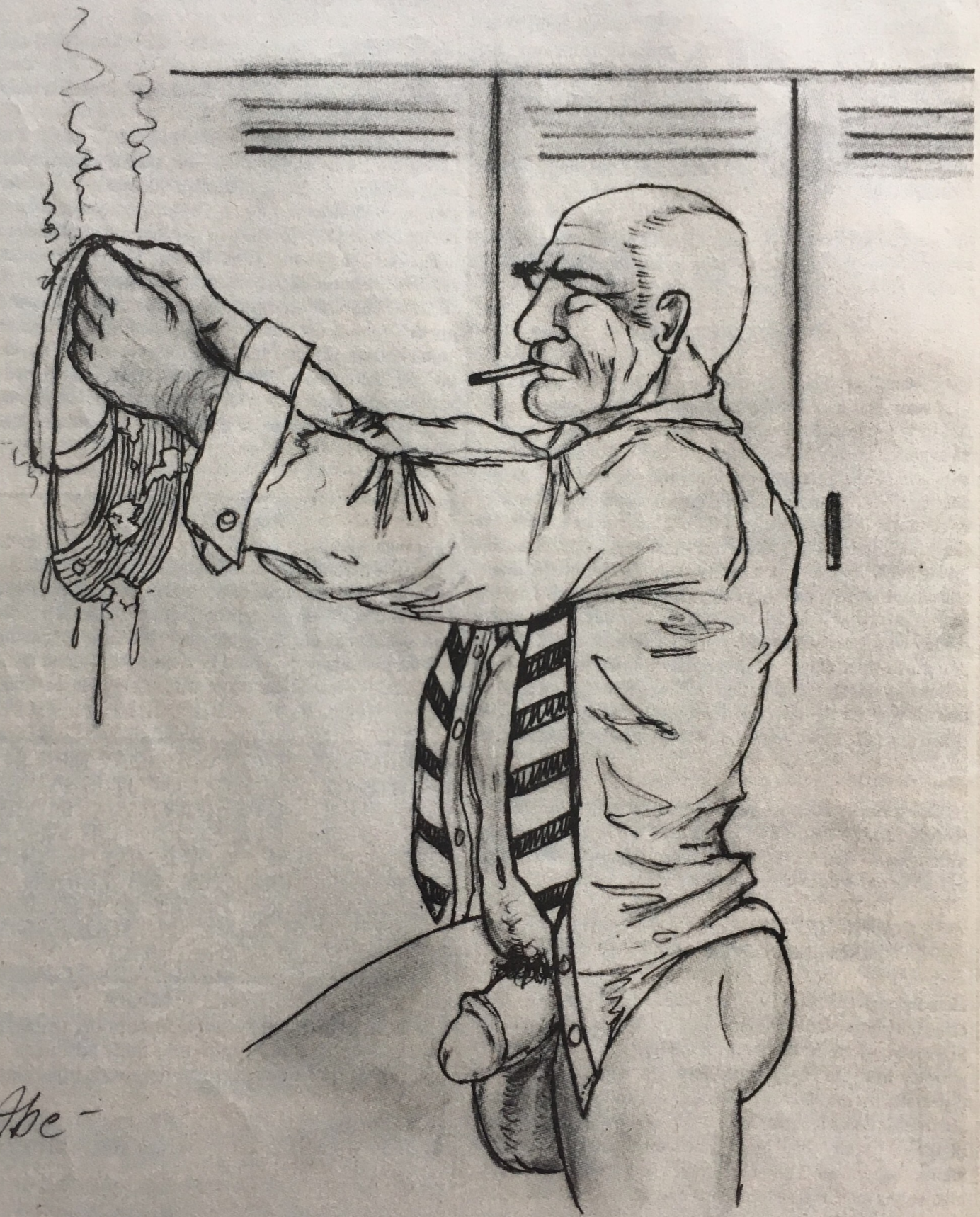
Manchaca, TX 78652

P.O. Box 59071
Jackson, MS 39284



HMMMMMM . . . . DO I REALLY NEED A NEW ONE?

photo by SIMON BARR

An artist (painter/sculptor) and writer of gay fiction, he lives in a peaceful , verdant valley on the Chowchilla River, some thirty miles from Yosemite. He is passionately fond of ballet and opera and men who are similarily enthused.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

KILL ONE FEATURE

We have regretfully discontinued the ORGANIZATIONS, ESTABLISHMENTS AND PUBLICATIONS OF INTEREST TO CR READERS section. When we first presented it, we had visions of creating an "International Guide" for seniors and admirers, but it suffered an untimely death for the following outrageous reasons:

1) Many complaints from readers regarding their dealings with some of those listed. Our follow-ups were met with silence or contempt.

2) Very few readers sent us updates or corrections and many gross errors went uncorrected.

3) Very few of the featured organizations reciprocated, and many took us to task for errors. Two threatened lawsuits.

4) Some groups demanded almost double the existing space to further define their goals.

5) Some lesbian-dominated outfits objected to being listed in a sexually oriented publication.

6) See CORRECTION below.

There seems to be an inordinate amount of hatred among gay organizations nowadays; many chips are on many shoulders for whatever reasons. Threats of lawsuits fly like fur in a cat fight. But we prefer to go our own laid-back way and rise above the feeding frenzy. Besides, this magazine takes all the effort the two of us can muster, and we don't have the stomach or time for hostiles. For those organizations which are legitimate and not involved in the above problems, please ask about our low, low advertising rates for nonprofit organizations.

NEW SOCIAL/CONTACT GROUP IN THE U.K.

PHOENIX seeks to fill the void of under-representation that exists for mature guys in the U.K. PHOENIX will issue a regular newsletter covering a wide range of members' interests, along with feature articles and interviews. Through the medium of regularly published personal advertisements, members will have easy access to like-minded guys. Future plans include the setting-up of a nationwide group of care givers whose purpose will be to provide comfort, help, guidance and support for members in times of need, problems, bereavement, sickness, loneliness and so on. Contact: PHOENIX, P.O. Box 103, Wallington, Surrey, SM6 9SJ, ENGLAND, or call 081 669 0491.

CORRECTION

Mr. Mike's Bar is NOT CLOSED as we announced in the October 90 issue. The day before we went to press with the issue, we called Mr. Mike's Bar in Los Angeles to verify persistent rumors of the wildly popular bar's imminent closing. The bartender confirmed the closing, so we called other sources, who stated that the owner himself had announced the closing. Later we heard that the owner had signed a new lease at the eleventh hour, but it was too late to kill the announcement in CR. Unfortunately, the management of the bar saw fit to write a blistering admonishment, stating that we "were grossly in error in taking this liberty without seeking a confirmation." The next day, we got a telephone call from the letter writer, continuing his harangue until we cut him off. Five years of enthusiastic support and we never heard from them. But one lousy, innocent goof and, in the words of John Madden, " . . . BOOM . . . ."

PANNED IN SAN DIEGO, HOUSTON AND DALLAS

We've been dropped by F Street Books in San Diego because we "didn't sell well." For the benefit of those fifty or so San Diego area men who depended upon F Street for their issues of CR, how about helping us find a replacement outlet? We're looking for a book store that is sincere about serving the senior community.

We're also looking for outlets in Houston and Dallas, having been dropped from the shelves of LOBO AFTER DARK in Dallas and the now defunct LOBO in Houston.

PRIME TIMERS COME TO ATLANTA

The kickoff meeting for Atlanta's new PRIME TIMERS club is set for Saturday, January 12, 1991, at 2:00 pm. It will be held at the Metropolitan Community Church building at 800 North Highland. If you live within 300 miles of Atlanta, you won't want to miss this. The founders are some of the hottest, mature men alive!

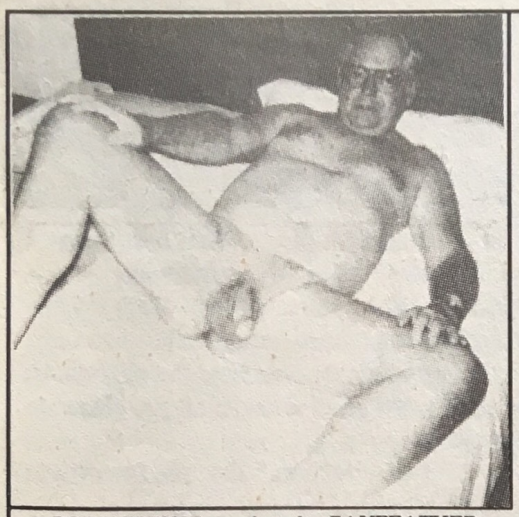
A WARNING

Since this magazine is read by 30,000 people world-wide, it comes as no surprise that some of our advertisers receive unwanted mail. Some examples are:

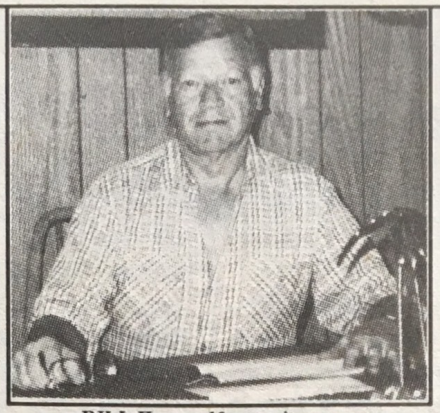
1. Flyers from questionable organizations, requesting money for publications, merchandise, tours, etc.
2. Scam letters from dishonest inmates.
3. Personal questionnaires from gay-sounding organizations, which are, in fact, fronts for government sting operations.

Readers are therefore STRONGLY urged to exercise caution with all suspicious mail. DO NOT respond to any mail from a source unknown to you, regardless of how exciting it sounds.

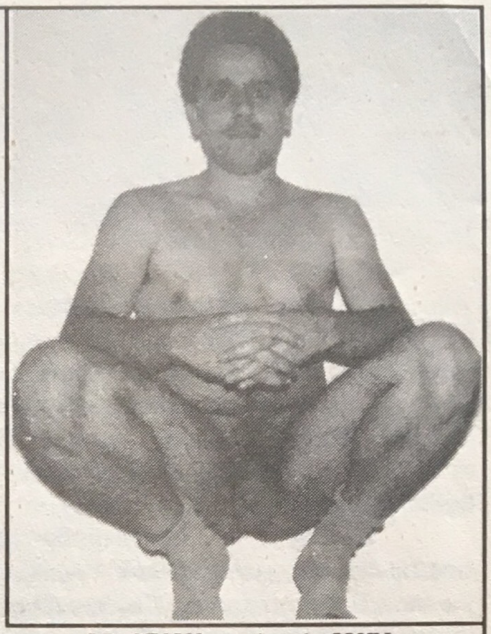
Keep undesirables out of our family! If you have any questions, write to your editor.



POWDERPUSS . . . photo by GAYFEATHER
Single, senior, lives in Michigan.

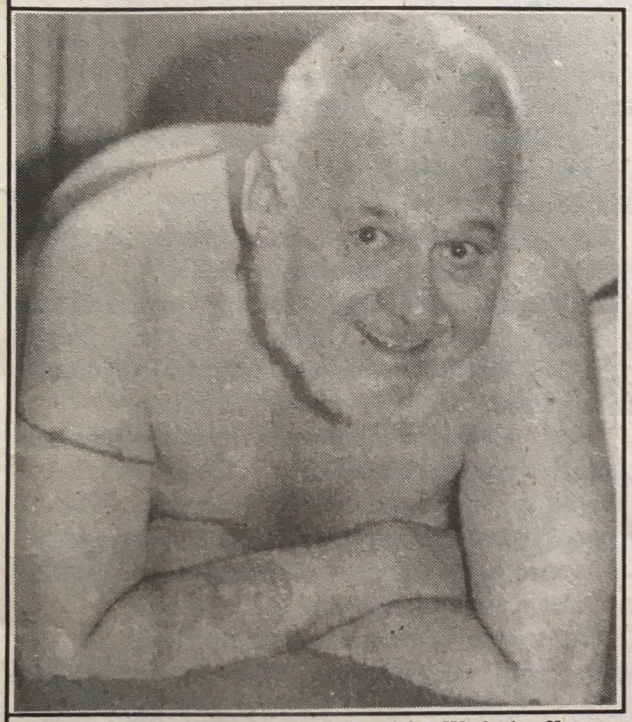


BILL II . . . self portrait.
Single, retired, lives in Oregon.



J.D. OF N.Y. . . . photo by JOHN
Single, 30s, lives in New York.

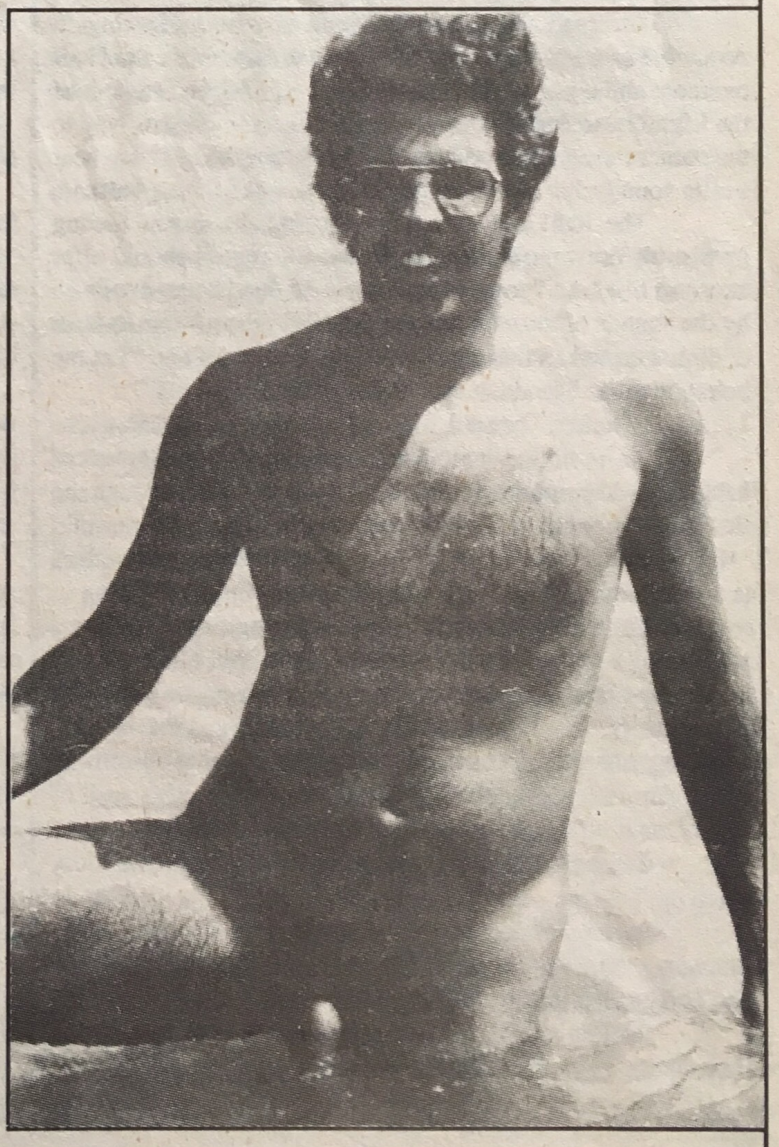
SNAP SHOTS



SUCCUBUS . . . photo by A.D. Practicing Warlock, offers phallic worship to overly endowed, Greek active stud.

ROOSTER . . . self portrait. 44, lives in GA with older lover.

GAYFEATHER . . . photo by POWDERPUSS. Single, 30s, lives in Michigan



A VIEW OF THE BRIDGE

FICTION BY HOWARD CLAY

Manhattan, Christmas Eve, 1969

As I emerged from the caverns of Grand Central Station, a single snow flake landed between my eyes, hinting that the city might be in for a white Christmas. The dark clouds above and the mounting darkness seemed to confirm it. People around me rushed for public transportation or frantically tried to hail cabs. Others scurried in and out of stores, looking for last minute gifts.

Having escaped from a dismally boring office party, I stood at the curb, gazing up Park Avenue, growing depressed as the snow flakes increased. The thought of spending Christmas in my roach-infested, west side hotel room was revolting. Hell, the place didn't even have a television set. Then it occurred to me that unless my luck drastically changed in the bars, I was about to end up being alone for an entire four-day holiday. Up to that point, my luck had been awful. I was a young, burly and handsome newcomer who went for older guys, all of whom were terrified that I might be a cop or a hustler.

As I made the decision to walk east toward Lexington Avenue, I saw a middle-aged blind man dressed in a camel hair overcoat and a jaunty fur cap. He was tapping his way out of the Lighthouse Building across the street. Finding his way to the corner, he calmly stood on the curb, his head cocked to hear traffic sounds, his cane gauging the distance to the asphalt.

The light changed and I crossed the street, feeling irresistibly drawn to the blind man, wondering if I should offer to escort him. As I passed him, I realized that he was confused by the sounds of the cars turning right onto the avenue in front of him. I turned around and slipped my arm under his. "Let me help you cross," I said, leading him off the curb.

"Thanks," he said, his voice deep and resonant.

As he smiled at me, I looked up into the dark lenses of his glasses and wondered if he were totally blind. Through the fabric of his overcoat, I could feel an ethereal, erotic warmth. "No problem," I said, acutely turned on by his body heat. "This is a dangerous corner." I led him halfway across, stopping in the median for the changed light. Glancing at his profile, I wanted to start a conversation but couldn't. Yet, I had a strong feeling that he could sense my attraction, that my voice would only confirm it. Highly aroused, I stared squarely at him, admiring his skin texture, his stocky build, that disarming smile. He vaguely smelled of Polo after-shave with a dash of library, as if he'd spent a lot of time around books.

The light changed again and I led him to the far curb. "Step up."

He tapped the curb with his cane, then stepped to the sidewalk. "Got it. Thanks." He gently pulled away from my arm and headed toward Fifth Avenue.

Feeling stupid, I could only stand there, wishing that I'd insisted upon getting him to his destination or had found out more about him. Cursing myself, I did the next best thing: I followed him, never once stopping to ask myself why.

I pursued him to a drug store between Madison and Fifth, where he picked up a bag of medication at the pharmacy. As I browsed down the next aisle, I could hear the pharmacist talking to him like they were good friends. I got closer to overhear their conversation.

" . . . some kind of infection," the blind man was saying.

"Oh, that's too bad," said the pharmacist. "He was a great-looking dog. Guess it wasn't so bad, though, being as he wasn't with you that long."

"Oh, I got attached to him, all right, but they insisted on taking him back. I get a black Lab next week. His name is Midnight." That smile again. "Meanwhile, it's solo."

"Hey, I'll get Tony to walk you to the subway."

The blind man pushed the bag of medication inside his coat pocket. "I'll be fine, Nick. I don't need Tony."

"You sure?" The pharmacist looked out the front window. "It's snowing pretty hard."

"I'm sure. See you later." The blind man turned to leave.

"See ya, Frank." The pharmacist watched him depart, obviously concerned.

"Frank," I whispered to myself. "What a dull name for someone who looks so incredible."

As the snow began to collect on the sidewalk, I resumed my compulsive little game, following him into a bookstore near Avenue of the Americas. Again, I stayed close to him, eager to learn more about him.

He made his way to the rear of the store, where he was warmly greeted by a young woman. She lifted a shopping bag to the counter and placed a pen in his hand. The bag was half full of books.

"You have all six?" Frank asked.

"No, Mister Bloch, they back-ordered the Kingsley Amis. They just brailled that one last month," she explained. "Give me a call next week. Sign here." She placed his hand atop a pad and watched him sign. "I'll put the receipt inside the bag, okay?"

"Thanks." Frank groped for the bag and turned to leave. "Jesus, they're heavy! I'm glad you didn't have all of them." He waved and tapped his way toward the door and out onto the increasingly treacherous sidewalk.

"Frank Bloch," I whispered. Now obsessed with him, I followed closely, wondering where he would lead me. I didn't care, really. I wanted an adventure—anything but a holiday weekend in the horrible room I'd rented until I could find an affordable apartment. I reviewed various means of starting a conversation but couldn't think of anything that didn't sound inane. I regarded the decreasing visibility and accumulating slush and snow. *Hey, it looks pretty slick. How about letting*

me carry that bag for you? Or better: *Looks like a blizzard. Let me help you. What train do you take? Small world, so do I! Where do you live? Small world, I live across the street! How about dinner?* I blurted out a chuckle and thought I saw him turn his head toward me slightly.

It began to snow quite heavily; my pulse quickened.

Crossing Seventh Avenue, he headed north, coming to a sudden halt within half a block of 58th Street. He turned around, a look of confusion on his face. He was obviously lost. He stood near the curb and seemed to mentally retrace his steps.

As I made the decision to come to his aid, he swiftly turned again and continued his original route. Agitated, he furiously tapped his cane from side to side and turned his head back and forth to hear. The snow began to come down harder; I walked faster.

Just as the cane was about to tap the Fifty-eighth Street curb, a skidding yellow cab slammed into the rear of another cab in the intersection. The blind man defensively held up his hands, causing him to stumble off the curb, almost falling under the wheels of a delivery truck making a right turn.

I was over him quickly. "You okay?" I asked, helping him to his feet. I could see that his glasses had been crushed and his right eyebrow was cut and bleeding lightly.

"Yeah, I'm okay," he growled, obviously embarrassed and angry. "Please hand me my cane and books." He took a step and tripped over the curb to the sidewalk.

"Would you please settle down and let me help you?" I barked, reaching for his cane. I looked around for his books but all I could see was the ripped bag floating toward a gutter.

"Jesus Christ!" Frank yelled, holding his knee in pain.

I placed the cane in his palm. "Here. Now hold on while I try to fish your books out."

As I attempted to locate his books in the dark water, another truck sped around the corner, showering me with slush. Feeling the cold wetness permeating my coat, I gave up. "I'm sorry, the books went into the drain," I lied.

"Sonofabitch!" he spat.

"Did you hurt your knee?" I asked, inspecting his torn trousers, then glancing up into his eyes. They were a stunning light blue and looked free of disease. "Where do you live? I'll get you home."

"Just get me to the 'A' train. I live in Fort Lee." He struggled to get up.

I helped him to his feet. "Where's that?"

"New Jersey. You from Texas, Oklahoma . . . Louisiana?"

Taking out a handkerchief, I dabbed at his eyebrow. "Texas. Does it show that much? You cut your eyebrow."

"Is it bleeding?"

"Not badly. Press this against it for a couple of minutes."

He took the handkerchief I placed in his hand.

My teeth began to chatter as the cold wetness reached my bare skin. "So where is this 'A' train?"

"Fifty-eighth and Eighth. I thought that's where I was."

"Not quite." I led him toward Eighth Avenue, feeling the same warmth from the contact as before. It permeated my body, helping me to tolerate the icy wetness on my back..

"You sure the books went into the sewer?" he asked with a pained expression.

"I'm sure." I studied his beautiful eyes. "Sorry. How much did they cost you?"

"They weren't mine." He limped slightly and winced as he rubbed his knee. "I just picked them up for the Lighthouse For The Blind. I work there part-time."

"Oh." *Okay, smart ass, think of something.* "Uhh . . . you'd better have your wife take care of that cut as soon as you get home."

"I don't have a wife." He almost slipped and yelped at the pain in his knee. "I'm divorced . . . . And she didn't divorce me after I went blind."

I chuckled. "I wasn't going to ask that."

"Well, most people do." He turned to me and smiled like he'd done back at Park Avenue.

"Then have your girl friend or roommate take a look at it. Your knee looks pretty much banged up, too."

"No roommates."

"Alone on Christmas Eve?"

"Christmas means nothing to me."

I took a deep breath and carefully weighed what I was about to say. Finally, I came out with it: "Well, I don't have any plans, so why don't I take you to your place and make sure your eye and knee are taken care of?"

His cocked his head, obviously wishing he could see my face. A look of skepticism swept over him. "Nah, I can take care of myself."

"If I'd been a mugger, I wouldn't have . . . "

"Please don't be offended," he quickly said. "I don't mistrust you. I just want to be alone, okay?"

I was crestfallen.

"Hey, I really appreciate your helping me," he added. "As a matter of fact, if you'll give me your card, I'll call you and take you out to dinner next week. Okay?"

"Yeah. . . . Okay." I tried to hide my disappointment.

We reached the subway entrance and I saw that the stairway was heavily coated with snow. "Wait a minute," I cautioned. "Let me get in front of you."

With one hand on my shoulder and the other on the rail, he carefully followed me down the stairs into the nearly deserted northbound station.

"You have a token?" I asked.

He grinned. "Yeah. Just get me to the turnstile."

I led him to the turnstile and reluctantly let go of his arm, then watched him walk toward the platform.

"Thanks," he called back.

"How will you know which one is the 'A' train?"

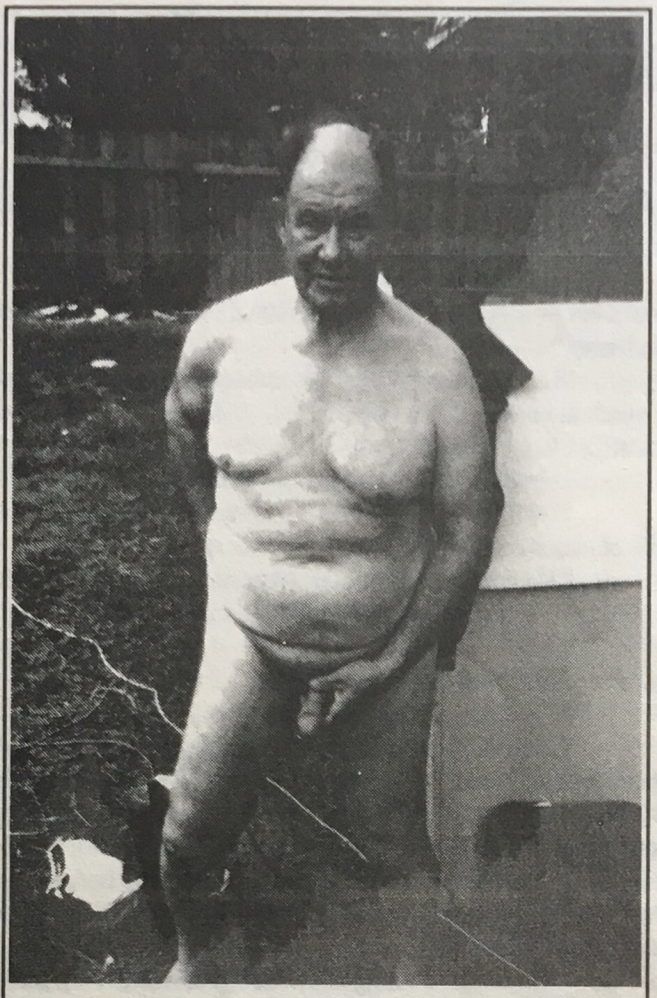
He shook his head and playfully gestured for me to go away, finally disappearing around a corner.

"You didn't wait for the card," I said, knowing he'd never hear me. "Hell, I don't even have one anyway.

I slowly turned and urged myself to leave the station, eventually glancing up at a clerk inside the change booth. Unable to control my obsession, I purchased tokens and followed the blind man to the platform.

Frank got off the train at a station near the George

[continued on page 15]



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TRIM SANTA

. . . photo by
KENT JUSTICE

For those of you who like your Santas more traditional-bodied, see the back cover. But for you guys who are turned on by trim men, we present TRIM SANTA above. Other than the facts that he lives in Florida and has a home-made CHIRON RISING bumper sticker on his car, we know very little about him.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM PAT, THE FRIAR, KENN RICHIE, JASON P. WILLIAMS, BILL HARRIS, LEGAL EAGLE, XYLOPHANG, RAM, QUETZAL, KENT JUSTICE, THE COLONEL AND ALL THE OTHER CONTRIBUTORS WHO MAKE THIS MAGAZINE POSSIBLE. MAY YOU ALL HAVE A WONDERFUL 1991!

Washington Bridge and walked into an adjacent bus terminal, where a woman led him toward the waiting busses. I quickly ran past him and bought a ticket to Ft. Lee, finally boarding just before the bus departed. Spotting Frank in the mid-section of the bus, I quickly moved past him and sat near the rear.

I had no idea where Ft. Lee was, so I was relieved when Frank pulled the chord just after we got off the bridge in New Jersey. After the bus slid to a stop, the driver escorted Frank off the bus. I slipped out after them and pretended to head for my destination.

"Hey, buddy!"

I quickly turned to find the driver glaring at me. "How about helping this man get to his apartment?"

"Don't worry, driver," said Frank, chuckling. "He was about to do just that."

The driver glanced at us both, puzzled, then shook his head and moved on.

"You knew all along," I said, relieved.

"It's your fucking cologne. I got it as a gift once. You can only buy it in Europe."

"You've got a sensitive honker."

He stomped his foot into the snow, testing the depth. "I suppose you'll have to spend the night, huh?"

"I'll leave after I get you home and doctored up," I assured him.

"Oh, I think I might have room for you. It's the least I can do." He held out his elbow.

I led him down the sidewalk, the snow crunching under our feet. Assuming he was gay and knew my intent, my cock became rock-hard.

His apartment was a small, second-story walk-up. The living room consisted of a bedspread-clad couch, two mismatched, upholstered chairs, a solid maple coffee table and a large, German-built stereo radio/phonograph/television set. There were Metropolitan Opera and New York Philharmonic posters adorning the walls but very little else to decorate them. The carpeting was a faded gold and badly worn. The small kitchen was separated from the living room by a bar with two stools. It had fairly new appliances and fixtures and was well-stocked with utensils, spices and cookbooks, which I assumed were in braille.

Frank closed the door and locked it. "Have a seat and I'll make you a drink."

"That sounds great," I said, my teeth clattering from the still-wet overcoat. "Do you have a robe I could wear?"

He seemed to hesitate, then hung his cane on a hook near the door. "Uhh . . . I don't think so. I usually go nude around the house." He gestured toward the radiator under a window overlooking the street below. "It's usually so damned hot in this place . . . . Why?"

"I got soaked when I went diving for your books."

He reached for me and felt my coat. "Holy shit! You're gonna catch pneumonia!" He unbuttoned the coat. "Get out of this and take a hot shower. Hang the wet stuff on the bathroom door." He reached for the back of a bar stool to get his direction set. "I'll get you a fresh towel, then I'll make that drink. What's your poison?" He confidently walked into the hallway.

"Scotch . . . or whatever you're having." I followed him into the small bedroom, which consisted of an unmade double bed, a small dresser and a chest of drawers. The room was neat and clean; I was amazed that a blind man could keep an apartment in such good shape.

He took off his coat and hung it inside a closet, pulling out the bag of medication. "I don't drink, but I have a little Scotch. My girl friend, Ella . . . she drinks Scotch."

I frowned, assuming that he was bisexual. "Ella?"

"She lives in Passaic, southwest of here. She's serious, but I'm not." He pulled a towel out of a chest of drawers and placed it on top of the sink in the immaculate bathroom. He reached inside the bag and pulled out a bottle of insulin. "I gotta put this in the refrigerator. No, Ella would really like for me to walk down the aisle, but I just don't want to get that involved." He turned and smiled. "Damned good sex, though. She comes over about every other weekend and cleans the place . . . and my pipes. She went to Vermont to see her folks this Christmas, otherwise, she'd be here."

I quickly took off my wet clothes and watched him walk into the kitchen. "You meet her after you lost your sight?"

"Yeah," he yelled back.

"Then you don't even know what she looks like," I ventured in a raised voice, hanging up my clothes on the door.

"Sure I do! I'll show you later how I see a face!"

I shook my head and took an invigorating hot shower.

When I finished drying off, I draped the towel around my shoulders and walked into the living room. The television was on and the news anchor was telling about a brazen, bloody Viet Cong ambush near Tan An. My cock was erect and aching; I got a perverse thrill over "exposing" myself to a blind man.

Frank was in the kitchen, preparing dinner. He was listening to the news, a grim expression on his face. "Jesus, they're kicking our ass. Sometimes I think that Nixon doesn't want to win this war." He turned to me. "Feel better?"

"A hundred percent better." I sat at the bar and watched him, elated that he was now bare-chested and dressed in running shorts.

Without the hat, I could see that his hair was nearly all grey and cut short. He was portly, yet muscular, with grey chest hair and thick, hairy arms.

"You going to feed me?" I asked, leaning over to inspect his crotch bulge, which was ample. *What are you going to feed me, Frank?* I bit my tongue to keep from laughing.

"Hope you're hungry." He smiled and my stomach felt like I had fallen off a cliff.

"If you only knew how hungry."

His brow furrowed slightly and he finally shrugged. "You like Beef Stroganoff?"

"Hey, fancy."

"You kidding? It's only sautéed onion, hamburger meat and sour cream over noodles."

"Sounds great," I said, spotting my drink and picking it up. "I hate to drink in front of you."

He shrugged. "Doesn't bother me. I was a heavy drinker before I lost my sight to diabetes. After I was diagnosed, I ignored what the doctor said and kept on drinking." He

sighed. "So I finally paid the price and wised up."

"That's too bad," I mumbled.

"I lost my wife and two kids to the alcohol, though." His eyes misted over. "I guess that was the biggest loss."

"Jesus," I reacted. "Do they know you're blind?"

"I lost track of them over ten years ago. Last I heard, she'd moved to California to live with her mother. She got the house, car, custody and everything." He sighed deeply and busied himself with chopping onions and browning hamburger.

I inspected his eyebrow. "I'll take care of your eye and knee when you reach a stopping point."

"After we eat." He smiled again, probably pushing painful memories back into the recesses of his mind. "I'll take a shower and then you can operate."

Blood surged in my cock and a lump formed in my throat. "You got it." I turned and noticed that the drapes were open. "Oh, shit!" I quickly crouched and crawled to the drapes, closing them.

He chuckled. "What's the matter? The drapes? What, are you nude?"

"Yeah. Hope your neighbors didn't see me."

"Fuck 'em," he assured. "I forget they're open sometimes. When I first moved here, there was practically nothing across the street and you could see the whole bridge." He seemed to dwell on memories of better times. "You can only see half of it now, but it's still impressive, isn't it?"

I peeked out through the drapes and shuddered at the ghostly apparition enshrouded in heavily falling snow.

"Describe it to me," he urged.

"Looks eerie now, like a huge insect crawling through fog," I offered.

"I think I miss that the most. All the many moods of old George Washington." His expression turned melancholy. "It looked different every time I looked out the window."

I returned to the barstool, watching him finish browning and setting aside the hamburger, replacing it in the skillet with the onions.

Deftly, he threw a handful of noodles into a pot of boiling water. "What's your views on the war?"

The question caught me off guard and I hesitated answering, having assumed that he was probably a hawk. "I tune it out, mostly."

"Excuse me?" he said, obviously wanting more clarification.

"I just don't think it's winnable and I'm really sick of the body counts."

His expression turned suspicious. "How'd you duck the draft?"

I was slightly irritated. "I didn't *duck* it. I spent four years in the navy before I went to college," I said with an air of indignation.

He appeared satisfied, then smiled. "Navy man, huh? What'd you do?"

"Electrician. It was a very dull four years, most of it spent in San Francisco, Manila and Norfolk."

"Why did you follow me home?" he asked at length, again catching me off guard.

I sipped my drink, studying him, wondering why he was playing games. "It's not obvious?"

"Oh, it's obvious all right." He rolled up those baby blues and my heart thumped.

"Is it?" I toyed, joining the game.

"It's obvious that it's either pity or compassion. A little of both, maybe."

I was confused. "Pardon?"

"What do you get out of it, a pass to heaven, good karma? Hell, I don't even know your name. What's your name?"

"Larry. Larry Trager . . . . Get out of it?" I suddenly realized that I had terribly misjudged him. "I guess I have no idea what you're talking about."

Frank mixed the meat, onions and sour cream, stirring it. "You know, sometimes traumatic changes in a man's life can really change the way he thinks. My whole concept of life changed—it had to. I never thought of things like kindness or concern for my fellow man. Now, I'm very conscious of things like that. Except for you, no one has ever gone out of their way like you have." He chuckled, almost tearfully. "I'm really moved by your compassion, man, but I just can't tolerate pity. Is that what you felt when you saw me fall off the curb?"

I was flabbergasted and felt my cock shrivel.

"Some people are hooked on pity," he pointed out.

My vocal chords seemed frozen.

"Hello?"

"Uhh . . ."

"Larry?" He appeared concerned and walked around to the barstool, feeling my face with his hands. "You okay?"

His touch was magical; his chemistry was capable of driving me into a frenzy. Part of me wanted to be totally honest, but the other part wanted to hold back and see if I could seduce him. "I, uhh . . ."

"This is how I see." His hands gently and innocently discovered my face, shoulders and chest. "Hey, look at this good looking sonofabitch, will you? Big motherfucker, too! You play ball?"

"Yeah," I choked, blushing, breathless.

"What position?"

"Linebacker," I mumbled, struggling not to kiss him. I closed my eyes and begged myself not to fuck up. It was imperative that I make a lasting impression. With that in mind, I decided to be honest. "I started following you from the Lighthouse," I blurted.

He blinked and slowly lowered his arms.

"I don't pity you . . . . I'm not a saint . . . ."

"Then, why?"

"I've never *ever* been so turned on by a man in my life," I said, my voice dry and almost cracking with dread.

He considered this, finally making his way back to the stove. "Jesus, I must be slipping. But you just don't *sound* gay. Fuck, I never thought . . . ."

"I'm sorry," I said sincerely. "I didn't mean to lead you on. Had you been able to really see me, there'd've been no question in your mind."

The stunned look on his face made me wish that I'd held back.

"What would I've seen?"

"Cow eyes, from the moment I first laid them on you."

Suddenly, he burst out laughing. "*Cow* eyes?"

"What's so funny?" His laugh was incongruous; I felt frustrated and irritated.

"Here I am, *pushing sixty, overweight and blind . . .* and you've got the *hots* for me?" He continued laughing heartily.

"Maybe I'd better leave," I suggested coolly.

"God, don't leave! It's just getting good!" He reached for the bottle of Scotch, groping for my glass, pouring another splash. "Don't get pissed, okay? Hell, let me catch my breath, will you?" He poured the food into a casserole dish and placed it inside the oven, turning the dial down low.

"It's not just sex," I pointed out.

He poured himself a glass of milk and placed it on the bar. "Ah, a combination of eros and pathos, right?" He felt his way around the corner and sat next to me. "Don't mind me. Go on."

I felt encouraged by his mildly bizarre reaction. "I don't know what happened to me. It's never happened before. I never . . . *followed* anyone like that before."

He smiled and seemed eager to hear more.

"When I first touched your arm, it was like a bolt of lightning hit me."

He reared back dramatically, then smiled. "Sorry."

"I'm obsessed with you . . . your eyes, smile, voice, smell . . . ." I shuddered. "Your overall chemistry . . . ." His expression made me chuckle. "I assume you've never been propositioned by a man before."

He guffawed. "You kidding? I was a marine captain with twenty inch arms and a fat dick. I got propositioned like you wouldn't believe."

Instantly, my cock got hard again. "Anyone succeed?"

"That's a loaded question," he said, his eyes sparkling mischievously, his grin answering the question. "But you didn't come here just to give me a blow job, did you?"

"No," I said simply, honestly. Of course, I wanted to be invited back. Frank wasn't the type of man you just serviced and walked away from. This was the kind of man you never forgot. The taste of him would haunt you, make you addicted. Somehow I knew that.

He took a sip from his glass and seemed to hesitate. "When I was in the marines, I had this sexual problem with the effects of alcohol. Some people get violent. Others, sleepy, whatever. Me, I'd suddenly had the morals of an alley cat. To answer your question, yeah, I got my dick sucked by a few guys, but I never looked for it. And, though I was never a religious person, I felt bad about it. It just didn't seem right. I guess it's some macho thing."

I felt compelled to change the subject. "What's it like to be blind?"

He shook his head in amazement.

"Dumb question," I groaned.

"On the contrary." He leaned back against the bar, absently exposing his bulge, inflaming me. "It's like being tied up and blindfolded at first. Tied up because of this fear you have of falling and hurting yourself. You're frozen with fear. And just when you can make it around your apartment, you know you have to tackle the street." He seemed to shudder. "The roughest day of my life was when I went to the Lighthouse for the first time by myself. I sat for two days here, picturing where the bus stop was, what the bus terminal looked like inside. It had been over two years since I'd taken public transportation in New York." He smiled proudly. "Then I went out early one morning and just did it. And I did it again the next morning and the next." He chuckled. "Man, was I bruised and battered after the first week." He abruptly turned to me. "It hasn't been that long, you know. A little over a year, really."

"No kidding," I said, impressed. "And you learned braille and everything."

"I got my first dog about a month ago, but it got sick and they took it back."

"I overheard that in the drug store."

"Oh, yeah." He patted my shoulder. "Yeah, you were there, weren't you? So you know that I'm getting a new dog next week."

I looked into the kitchen and saw a dog dish in the corner. "What were you like before you went blind?"

"You wouldn't have liked me. A lot of people didn't."

I couldn't picture it.

"I was a jock, too, back in high school and in the marines. Always playing ball with the guys. I worked hard, made pretty good money in insurance, burned the candle at both ends. I was a Don Juan, arrogant as hell. I think I fucked every secretary in my company. Before that, I was a marine in the Pacific. I was at Iwo Jima, wounded twice over the course of the war. Boxed, too. I was a welterweight. Came close to taking national until this fucking gorilla from Detroit broke my jaw."

We both laughed.

"After the war, I came back and got my degree at Princeton. Where did you go to school?"

"Abilene Christian College in Abilene, Texas. I got a B.S. in electrical engineering"

He hesitated. "So when did you turn gay?"

Memories came rushing back into my head. It never occurred to me to sift through those first memories of my homosexual life. "This fellow jock and I—he was fifteen and I was sixteen—we were driving around one summer night. We were on this double date and both girls were on the rag. We got so frustrated that we drove out into the country and had at it. I'd played around before, but this was the first time I went all the way."

Frank seemed to squirm slightly. "How old are you, Larry?"

"Twenty-five," I answered, wondering if our age difference would turn him off.

"Good Lord, I'm thirty years older than you!"

I created another diversion. "So how long were you married?"

A sadness crept over his face. "About fifteen years. I got married at thirty. We had two kids, two boys."

"I'm sorry. Wrong subject," I said, ready to change the subject again.

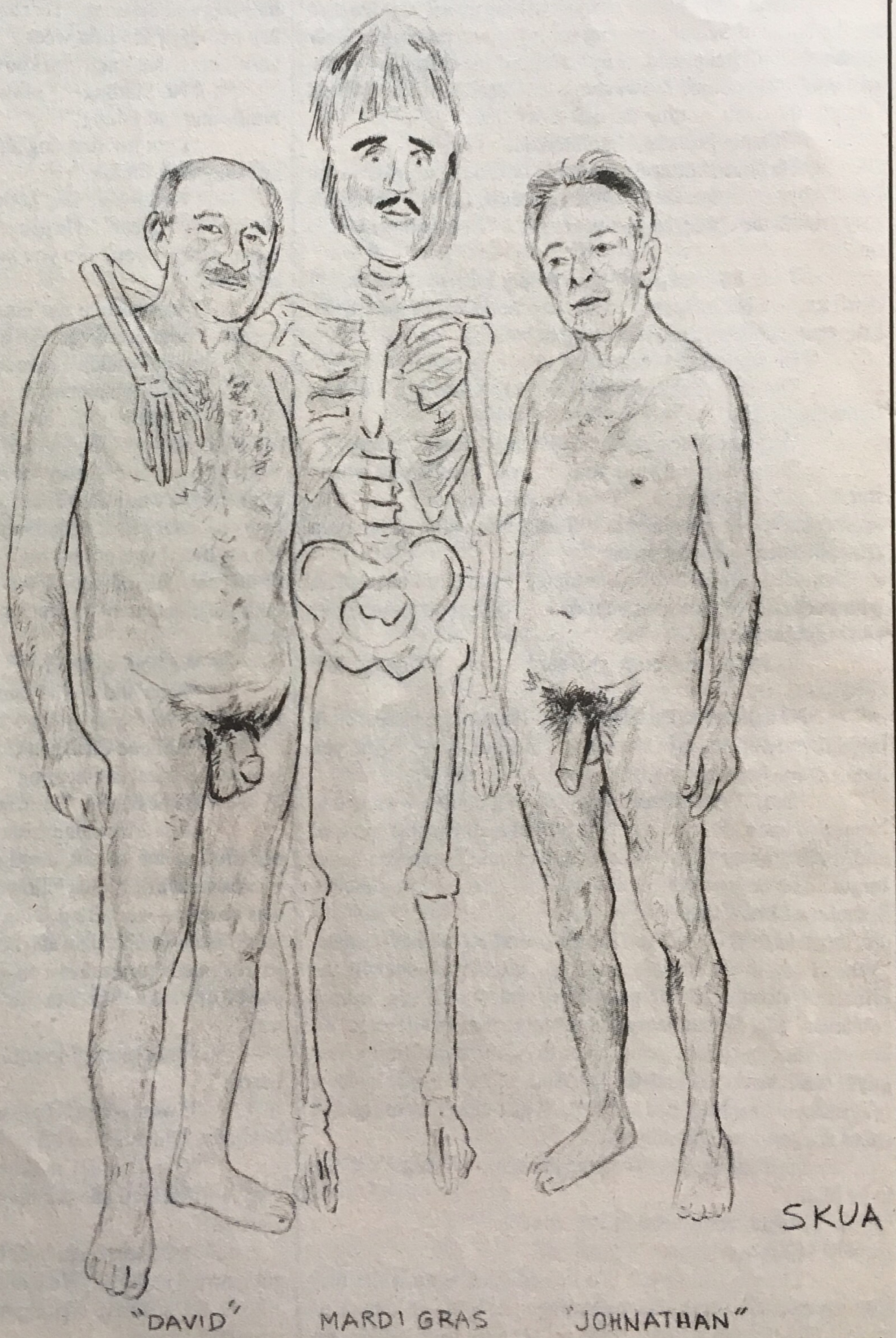
"No, that's okay." He groaned and sighed. "I was

[continued on page 19]

SKUA'S FINAL DRAWING

Just as we thought we'd never see SKUA's artwork again, along came two subscribers who graciously loaned us this. David, left, is a retired photographer, teacher and administrator, now photographing and collecting nudes and learning to be a masseur. Jonathan, right, a retired cleric, is an artist specializing in landscapes. Both men travel a lot and live together in New Orleans, where they host and entertain friends and slender, mature men. One need not be as slender as "Mardi Gras" between them, however.

[Editor's Note: SKUA was one of our most popular artists. He passed away tragically in July, 1989.]



drinking pretty heavily then and one day, I came home—we lived in Nyack up the river—and she'd moved out, filed for divorce. Of course, I was fucking everyone and she found out."

I didn't know what to say to comfort him.

"I have to give myself a shot and eat something." He got off the stool and walked back to the kitchen.

"Wait a minute," I said, suddenly wondering how a blind man could extract insulin from a bottle. "How . . . ?

He grinned smugly and opened the refrigerator. "Everyone asks me that."

I looked inside and saw two drinking glasses filled with capped syringes.

"Ella fills them for me and puts them in the refrigerator. The textured glass has the morning shots and the slick glass has the night shots."

I suddenly felt an intense jealousy of Ella and was determined to take that duty away from her.

He took out a syringe from the slick glass and placed it on the counter. "Then I get the only alcohol they'll let me have." He reached into a cabinet above and pulled down a bottle of rubbing alcohol and a bag of cotton balls.

I watched as he moistened a ball and took the cap off the syringe. He pinched a layer of fat on his abdomen and wiped it with the ball, finally injecting the spot.

It was easy to fantasize learning to give him shots, to take care of him. It was a dangerous fantasy, but one that I couldn't resist. He was acutely loveable.

We ate the Stroganoff and a salad at the bar, then he went into the bathroom to shower. I poured myself a brandy and sat on the couch, wishing that I had enough guts to sneak into the back and watch him shower. Certain that he would sense my presence, I decided to exercise decorum and hope that it paid off.

I parted the drapes, looked out at the street and beyond. The bridge was sparkling white, caked heavily with snow. No moving cars were in sight. The snow on the street below was now quite deep and I realized—hoped?— that Frank and I would be snowed in for the whole holiday. I wanted it to be a pleasant experience for him. I had no intention of pawing him and turning him off. I wanted to turn him on, to be invited back. Hell, I wanted to be his lover already!

As I sat watching a Christmas show on television and sipping the brandy, he walked into the living room. He was nude and exhibited a flaccid, fat stump of foreskin. With no hint of ulterior motive, he went into the kitchen and made coffee. I shuddered at the intimacy and promise of the moment.

"I smell brandy. You want coffee to go with that?" He lowered his head so that I could see his face. His smile was brilliant, his hair frizzy. He looked cute.

"Please." And then I could smell him, too. He'd splashed on something very exotic and masculine. Did he want to encourage his seduction?

He poured two mugs of coffee and brought them to the coffee table, navigating by rote the space between the nearest chair and the couch. "If you want cream or sugar, you'll have to help yourself."

"Black's fine," I said, giddy that he was sitting down next to me. I sucked in all the air around him, hungry for his essence. My cock ached from all the surges of blood.

Frank toasted with his coffee. "Merry Christmas."

I chuckled, amazed at how my disastrous holiday weekend had turned into the most memorable event of my young life. "Merry Christmas." I lifted my mug and touched it to his. "Here's hoping that the upcoming year will . . . will bring you everything you ever wanted."

He nodded. "And the same to you, young man."

I noticed the abrasion on his knee and remembered my offer. "If you'll direct me to your hydrogen peroxide, I'll take care of my nursing duties."

"That's okay," he said, waving his hand.

"No, you might get it infected." I jumped up and went into the bathroom. "Is it in the bathroom?"

"Yeah. In the medicine cabinet. There're some Q-tips there too."

I found both and brought them to the coffee table, then went into the kitchen to fetch a saucer.

"Hey, I just thought of something," he said, absently picking at his bruised knee. "I have some wrapped gifts that I never opened. Ella brought them my last birthday and we never got around to opening them." He chuckled lecherously. "She fucked my brains out that night."

The pang of jealously was like a knife penetrating my stomach. "That good, huh?" I commented icily.

"Unbelievable."

I poured some peroxide into the saucer and dipped a Q-tip into it, then gently cradled his face with a shaking hand.

"You're hands are cold," he pointed out.

"Warm heart," I countered, dabbing at the cut over his eye. I looked into his eyes and felt an ever-increasing fondness for him. His effect on me was awesome; the mounting hunger I felt was agonizing. Being that near to him and not being able to touch him was tortuous . . . deliciously so. I felt that I could actually taste his skin as I fantasized noisily sucking his nipples.

"Ouch!" he protested as the wound fizzed.

"You *baby*," I chided, dipping another swab and cleaning his knee wound.

"Ouch!" he repeated, exaggerating the pain.

"Okay, you'll live," I assured him.

"I'll get the packages," he said, bending to get up.

I pushed him back, watching my hand become enveloped in soft, salt and pepper chest hair. "No, let it dry first." I noticed what seemed like a slight swelling in his cock and decided to be a little bolder. "I'm curious. What was your reaction to those experiences with other men?"

Frank smiled. "Are you about to try to seduce me now?"

"No," I said defensively. "I'm afraid that if I seduce you, I'll end up leaving with just that. I want more."

"How do you know that?"

"That I want more?" I was confused again.

"No." He chuckled. "That's obvious. How do you know you'd leave with just that?"

"It depends on your reaction, doesn't it? Do you know what your reaction would be?"

"No," he said flatly. "I've never had sober sex with a man."

"My wild and impetuous self wants to drain you dry, damn the consequences. Then another part of me wants to leave here with your respect, whatever it takes." I tried to gauge his impressions. "It's very important that I be invited back."

Frank shrugged. "I never considered what my reaction might be. When it happened back in the marines, I felt unclean the next day . . . like I was infected."

"You were afraid you'd turn gay?"

He considered that. "Yeah, sort of." He crossed his legs atop the coffee table and crossed his arms behind his head. "Of course, that was then. Now I know that sexuality isn't as simple as it seemed then. Then, you were either queer or straight—nothing in between. Sure, there were people who called themselves bisexual, but they were queer to me." He scratched his knee, but I tapped his hand away. "Ella brought her flower child niece here one night and she said something that really stopped me in my tracks. It was something like . . . 'Too many people look at sex as either black or white, when in fact it's like the entire color spectrum.' It's like, if a straight man is red and a gay man is blue, then who is yellow? Green? Purple?"

I was astounded at this burst of wisdom. "Now that's eloquent."

"What I'm saying is that I have no idea where I fit in the spectrum." He seemed to squirm again and placed his feet on the floor, taking a sip of his coffee. "But then, I'm really not that interested in finding out. The question isn't pressing, you know? If you suddenly went down on me, maybe I'd be so unglued that I'd tell you to stop and then kick you out. But then, maybe I'd like it and fuck your brains out, who knows. I just can't visualize it in my head."

I digested what he said, finally mumbling, "It's like Russian roulette."

"Hey, let's open some presents and have a real Christmas, okay?" He jumped up and made his way to a hall closet. He opened the door and knelt, rummaging through several items on the floor.

The telephone rang and I got up to answer it for him. "Want me to get that?"

"Oh, shit no!" He sprang up and rushed to the kitchen. "It's Ella." He answered the wall phone. "Hello?"

I returned to the couch.

"Well, Merry Christmas to you, sweetheart."

Enraged with jealousy, I quietly walked back toward the kitchen. As his conversation with her became more quiet and intimate, I got closer, inviting the pain. He absently played with his cock until it had become semi-erect. I quietly knelt, three feet away.

"No, why do you think that?"

His cock was almost totally engorged, luring me closer.

"No one's here, baby. I'm just sitting here thinking of that sweet pussy of yours."

His cock, almost as thick as my wrist, became hard and dark red. My mouth filled with saliva.

"I can't wait either, babe. Oh, shit, I'm as hard as a rock."

Hating her, I lost all control and locked my arms around his thighs, immediately swallowing his cock. His free hand pushed at me, trying to dislodge me, but quickly retracted as I lightly bit down on his cock head.

"Huh? Nothing. I just lost my balance a little."

I released my hold on his legs and made love to his cock like I'd never done with any other man. It was like drinking from some diamond and emerald-encrusted chalice.

"Sure, I'm breathing heavily. You do that to me, sweetheart."

Massaging his balls, I rejoiced as his legs spread further apart, welcoming more.

"Jacking off? Why do you think that?"

I sucked both testicles into my mouth, then turned on the floor until my nose was in the crack of his ass.

"Oh, shit," he mumbled. "Uhh . . . Oh, I dropped some food on the floor."

Having never had the desire with anyone else, I ventured into exotic territory, sending my tongue to search for his sphincter, finally finding it shower-clean and willing to be probed.

"A piece of bread, I think." The timbre of his voice had altered. He sounded somewhat hoarse.

My tongue fluttered over his sphincter, glided down around his scrotum, slavered up his shank and finally swirled around his broad head. My throat completely dilated, I swooped down to his pubic hair, causing his feet to dance upon the tile floor. Sliding back down to his balls, I took both inside my mouth and looked up at his face. I focused upon his face, then his cock, then his face as I slipped my thumb into his anus. Suddenly his face turned bright red and he grunted. A streamer of semen shot out of his cock and into my hair. Another spurt came, captured by my mouth, followed by what seemed like endless throbs. In the throes of ecstasy, I drank his essence and spilled my seed onto the floor at his feet.

"Nothing, babe. Just cleared my throat."

I sat back and marvelled at the sight of his spread legs and quickly shrinking cock. A pearl of semen slipped out of his slit and soon became a two inch rivulet, which I captured with my tongue just as it began to fall.

And then I looked up at his disturbed expression and realized that I would indeed leave with only a memory and the aftertaste of his cum in my sinuses. I got up and quietly walked into the bathroom, quickly getting into my now dry clothes. As I returned to the living room, he was sitting on the adjacent carpeting, yawning as Ella talked.

Acutely depressed, I let myself out and slowly walked down to the apartment entrance. The snow was even deeper than I thought; I couldn't distinguish the sidewalk from the street. Knowing it was insane, but unwilling to face Frank's adverse reaction, I struggled down the sidewalk through foot-deep snow. Not ten feet away, my socks were already soaked and my feet were freezing.

A window opened above and Frank stuck his head out. "Where in the holy hell do you think you're going?"

I looked around and held out my arms in desperation. "Beats the shit out of me."

"Then how about coming back and opening your god-

[continued on page 22]

richiell . . . photo by baker

This extraordinary young man is still looking for a relationship with a white man, 50+, who is clean-shaven, stocky to heavy and a nonsmoker. He resides in the Los Angeles area.

damned present." He closed the window.

Feeling childish and stupid, I meekly returned to the apartment. He was sitting on the couch.

"I was afraid . . . " I began.

"You can't read me. *Nobody* can read me." He nodded toward the kitchen. "I almost slipped and fell on your . . . your . . . *mess* in there."

"I'll clean it up," I said, struggling to fathom him. I hung my clothes in the closet and returned to the kitchen, where I mopped up the semen with a paper towel.

"Ready?" he asked, holding a package in his lap.

"Sure," I said, sitting next to him. I inspected the package on the coffee table in front of me. "This mine?"

"Yeah. You first." A small smile formed on his lips.

"Okay." I opened the gift. "A wallet." I held it up for him to feel.

He felt the wallet, then opened his present. "Don't tell me. Let me guess."

I could see that it was a three-jar package of gourmet jams, but there was no way he could know.

"Okay, what is it?"

"Looks like some pretty fancy jams."

"Good, 'cause we don't have a fucking thing for breakfast except bagels." His exquisite smile returned. "You're crazy, you know?"

"Guilty." I shook my head, amazed at myself. "I've never acted like this before, though."

"Maybe you did the right thing." He grinned at me, as if he knew that the statement would confound me. "It had to come out of left field. Maybe you sensed that in me."

I shrugged, stupefied.

"You realize, of course, you've opened up a Pandora's Box." He spread his legs and showed me his new erection.

I stayed with Frank for three days and four nights. Having rummaged through his pantry for enough canned and dry food to get us through the weekend, we had no reason to leave the apartment. When we headed for Manhattan that last morning, the streets were clean and both of us were exhausted. Frank's cock was raw, as was my mouth. I also had a slight tear on my sphincter. Neither of us spoke much and I had no idea what was going through his mind. Unfortunately, I'd fallen deeply in love with him.

The following night, I called Frank and asked if I could come out for the New Year weekend, but he reminded me that Ella was due. I suggested coming out some week night, but he declined, stating that Ella was going to spend the entire week with him. Apparently, she was going to take him to pick up the new dog, Midnight, and thought she needed to be there to smooth out the transition. It seemed evident to me that he didn't want me to come back.

The next morning, I came down with the worst case of 72-hour flu in my life. I missed three days of work, while my temperature soared to 102. After the roughest part was over, I decided that perhaps New York wasn't the right place for me.

On Friday, New Years Day, I visited all the bars on Lexington Avenue, finally going home with an ex-cop from Queens. He was into voodoo, sadomasochism and séances, so I didn't stay for breakfast. Unable to tolerate the hotel, I spent the entire weekend going from one subway toilet to another, from 59th Street to Wall Street. Sunday, I arrived back at my bleak hotel room, exhausted and desolate. I wept myself to sleep.

The following morning, I went to work and gave a two week notice. Later, I called my folks and told them that I'd decided to take a job in Chicago.

The next two weeks were agony for me. I wanted to call Frank and get the verdict first hand, but knew that a brutal rejection would send me into a tail spin. I felt better off in the little shell I had created for myself. By the time the period was over, I had reconciled myself to the fact that New York was to be a brief experience—that the interlude with Frank was only meant to teach me the difference between love and lust. The final day, my boss gave me my paycheck early and allowed me to leave. Since my flight to Chicago was at nine that evening, I decided to have one last Friday night fling with the bars on Lexington Avenue.

Sitting with the afternoon crowd at the Menemsha Bar, I finished my sixth Scotch and decided to head for the hotel to pack. I was fairly intoxicated and beginning to feel maudlin.

As I neared 57th and Park, I looked at my watch and saw that it was almost 4:00 pm. The urge to see Frank once more overpowered me; I walked down Park Avenue and stood in front of the Lighthouse, knowing that Frank normally got off at four. I convinced myself that seeing him just one more time would be a cathartic—would release me somehow. I guess I hoped that I would see him differently and realize that all that chemistry was a figment of my imagination.

But when he finally came out of the building, I cratered and shook.

He looked magnificent as he was led by a shiny black Labrador. They were a handsome pair. I could only watch as he walked by, talking to the dog. He reached the corner, where the dog halted for the light to change. When it did change, the dog started to move, but Frank made him stay. He slowly turned around, his expression desolate .

I walked to him. "Is it the cologne or are you psychic? And you must be Midnight," I said to the dog.

"You okay?" he asked at length.

"I guess so. I've been a little down lately," I said, feeling tears well in my eyes.

"Why didn't you call?" The tone of his voice was different. He sounded hurt.

"Why didn't *you?*" I retorted.

"You didn't give me your number," he answered flatly.

It was as if someone had punched me in the stomach. "Oh, my God," I whispered, realizing that I had not.

"Why didn't you call, Larry?" There was anguish in his voice.

I leaned against the traffic light next to him, the dog watching me warily. "The last time I called, you were pretty tied up with *Ella*." I pronounced her name caustically.

"You act like you're fifteen, going on twenty-six. How many opportunities have you bombed out of because you

went off half cocked?" he asked bitterly.

"A lot, apparently," I bemoaned.

"She's gone."

"I guess I'm my own worst enemy." Then my alcohol-dulled brain caughed up. "Gone?"

"She left."

"Why?"

"I told her about you."

I struggled to overcome the effects of the drinks. "What did you tell her?"

"The truth." He sighed deeply. "I told her that I wanted to see both of you . . . "

My body gathered strength and suddenly I felt almost sober. "*See?* As in relationship?"

"Yeah, relationship." He began to sound angry. "Isn't that what you do when you care about someone?"

"Oh, Jesus," I groaned, almost reeling.

"Imagine how I felt when she left and you never called again."

I reached out to touch Frank's shoulder, but the dog growled and I pulled back. It then dawned to me that my silence might have negated how he felt about me. The reality of that shocked me, making me weak. I was speechless.

He turned to leave.

"No!" Please don't go, Frank," I finally blurted out. "Let's . . . let's start over again, okay? Let's . . . talk."

"Larry, I wasn't looking for anyone before you came into my life. I was prepared to spend the rest of my life alone in my little dark corner." He sadly shook his head. "But you brought something fresh and exciting into my life. So much so that I couldn't even get a hard on with Ella. All I could think about was you. Jesus, I was willing to give you a shot, Larry." He shifted nervously. "But this last business . . . . "

"Is this where I'm supposed to beg forgiveness and grovel?"

"Hey, I don't give a shit what you do." Frank's expression turned cold and indifferent.

"How nice it would have been to know that I brought something fresh and exciting into your life. Maybe I wouldn't have gone into a deep, blue funk . . . or quit my job or bought a plane ticket for Chicago tonight."

He sighed so deeply that I wondered if I'd reached him.

"It wasn't just jealousy, Frank," I said carefully, knowing I had to level with him. "I figured that, even if I did get to first base, I'd still have to share you with Ella." Shuddering, I went on. "I love you, Frank . . . and . . . I want to live with you and sleep with you. It's got to be that way, or I can't do it. I can't share you or be a weekend lover. I can't settle for alternate weeks. I gotta be number one in your life." Because of the liquor, I lost control and tears began to flow down my cheeks. "Oh, *Lord*, that was so hard to say. Now *that's maturity*, Frank. How easy it would be to accept your terms right down the line and try to get my foot back in the door. But I can't, Frank . . . . I just can't . . . . "

His sad, blue eyes never blinked. "Are you fucking nuts? You want *me* to make *you* number one just after *one weekend?* Number one, huh? A guy who runs at the drop of a hat?" He laughed bitterly. "Sorry, fella, I can't make that kind of commitment. You want a gay relationship . . . and I ain't gay, my friend . . . not now, at least." He seemed to be angrier. "I got news for you, kid. You've got to crawl before you can walk. You have to take things slowly." He nudged the dog and man and dog started across the street. "Good luck in Chicago," he said over his shoulder.

I felt like I was going into shock as I watched him cross the street and disappear in pedestrian traffic. Before I could move, the light changed and there was a maze of cars, busses and cabs. When the light changed again, I ran across the street, bumping into people, frantically looking for him. I ran to a parked car and stood on its bumper, gazing over the crowd. I suddenly remembered the drug store and ran back to it. With a sigh of relief, I watched as he joked with the pharmacist and made his way to the sidewalk. When he reached the door, I opened it for him.

"Thank you," he said.

"You're welcome," I responded, my voice thin with the fear of losing him. "How about coming by my hotel room with me and let me get my suitcase and check out? Then I'll get us a cab and take you and Midnight home . . . . We can talk."

He shuddered. "Ahh . . . I don't know, Larry. You and me, we're . . . . "

"Thirty years apart? Different as night and day?"

"That's a couple of strikes, Larry. Worse, I just don't think I can give you what you need."

"How many syringes do you have left?" I asked, amazed that I happened to think of insulin.

He was amazed, too. "Syringes?" He thought about it, then grinned. "Two I think. Ella split before she got around to doing another batch."

"Well, that settles it then. I'll fill another batch for you." I held my breath, hoping the ploy would work. "And we can . . . talk."

"Negotiate, you mean?"

I thought I could see a minute smile. "Whatever," I said, feeling better.

Midnight lay in a distant corner, sleeping. I sat at the counter, nervously handling the small bottle of insulin. The television went on and on about Viet Nam and the mounting demonstrations against U.S. involvement. Sitting on the other stool, Frank seemed momentarily preoccupied with the news, but finally turned back to me.

"Just roll it gently in the palm of my hands, right?" I confirmed.

"Right. That heats it up and mixes it." He shook his head sadly. "I hate to eat crow, but you just may be right about this fucking war."

Not about to let the conversation turn to current events, I ignored the remark. "It's mixed, now what?"

He smiled, making me wonder if he could read my mind. "Okay, now you suck in fourteen units of air into the syringe . . . "

I carefully laid the insulin down and picked up the syringe, pulling out the piston accordingly.

" . . . then inject the air into the bottle. You know, I

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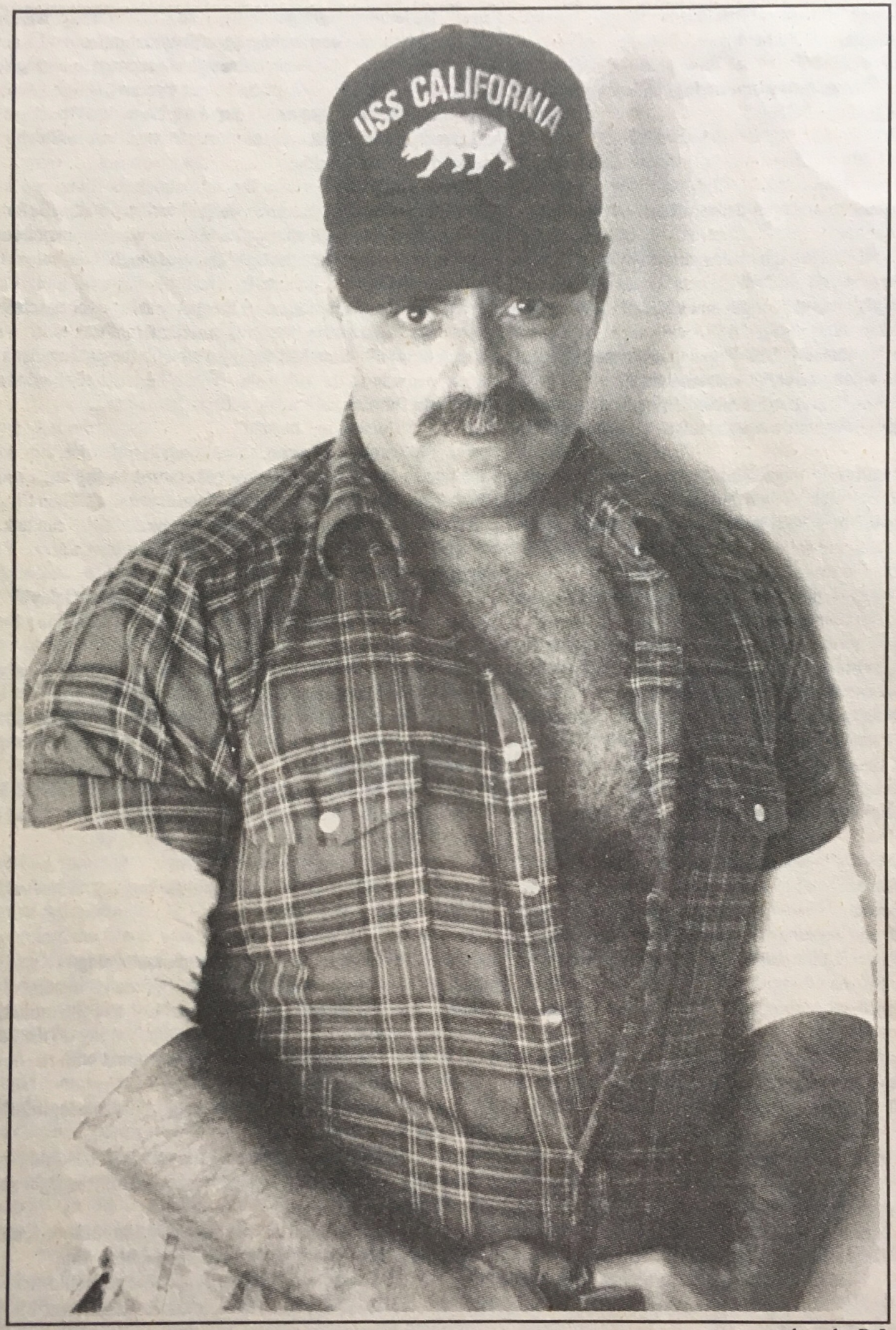

JOHN BEAR

photo by R.J.

This 53-year-old Italian lives in San Francisco. He weights in at a healthy 200 pounds and stands 5'-10". Having recently broken up with his lover of 4 years, he's looking for a tender, loving BIG man.

really got pissed when you said you were against the war. But you got me to thinking."

"Okay, now what?" I said, doing what he said.

"Now, you pull out a few CCs and push them back into the bottle. Do it a couple of times until you get rid of the air bubbles, then you take out fourteen units of insulin. That done, you cap the needle and set it aside."

My hands shaking, I finally completed the first syringe. "Okay, I think I have the hang of it." I reached for another one.

"What makes you think that you're in love with me?" Frank asked flatly.

I surprised myself with my answer. "An older man once told me that I shouldn't be too frantic about finding a lover. He said that I should play the field and have a good time, and when the right man came along, I'd know it without any doubt." The memory of the man surfaced in my mind and I fondly remembered all the sage advice he gave me one weekend in Dallas. "He said that I shouldn't waste time with someone who made me feel bad, you know, or anxious or depressed . . . that I shouldn't settle for less than my ideal."

"So I'm your ideal?" he asked, almost derisively.

"Oh, yeah," I said thinly. "Without a doubt."

"Then why're you splitting for Chicago?"

"I'm not." I looked at my watch. "I missed the flight. I'll call the office on Monday and see if I can get my job back."

He rolled his eyes up and grinned.

"Can I stay here tonight?" I asked, prepared to be turned down.

"Sure," he said simply, surprising me. "But if you leave again in a huff, then don't bother coming back."

"Fair enough," I agreed, watching that stunning smile return to his face.

He abruptly got off the stool and walked to the window, opening the drapes. "Kill the switch, will you?"

I turned the living room lights off and stood behind him, looking out at the brilliantly lit bridge.

"Describe it to me, okay?"

I surveyed the bridge and chose my words. "It looks pristine and new . . . heroic, sort of . . . like the Great Gate of Kiev." I amazed myself and felt encouraged as he turned to me with a warm, intimate smile. "It conjures up sounds of a powerful pipe organ, a brass choir . . . . I can almost see King Kong standing on the other side, pounding his chest." Unable to control myself, I gently and cautiously placed my arms around him, tenderly kissing his neck. To my pinnacle delight, he never flinched. On the contrary, he moved into me, nuzzling my ear.

I felt a nudge at my ankle and looked down to find Midnight, obviously jealous.

The following Monday, I called my ex-boss and succeeded in getting my job back. While I was on a roll, I asked Frank if I could stay indefinitely at his apartment. He agreed to two weeks on a trial basis.

On June 20, 1970, Frank and I moved into a town house in Brooklyn Heights. It has a wonderful view of the Brooklyn Bridge and Frank loves to have me vividly describe all its "moods" as we stand together on our terrace.

Frank still maintains that he's bisexual, and I've insisted that I wouldn't be jealous if he had an occasional woman.

Of course, he doesn't believe me.

THE END

[Howard Clay is a New York writer who prefers to remain anonymous. He lives with his lover of 22 years in Manhattan.]

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FEAST OR FAMINE?

P.R. Simon's long awaited video, DADDY VIDEO VOLUME 1: DADDY BUFFET! arrived just in time for a dinner party, so I decided to ask my guests to help me review it after dinner. Since my guests represented every size, proclivity and generation, the consensus was interesting. There were both thumbs up and down.

The video runs for two hours and consists of four segments. The craftsmanship is marginal and certainly not on a par with the slick stuff from Malibu Sales, but the quality *is* on a par with the old SWAN videos, which are cult classics.

MASTER AND SERVANT is a rather bizarre, yet seemingly authentic, S & M vignette, featuring a grey-haired, lithely-built, gratingly epicene Master and an equally grey, leather-clad, stocky Slave. The story, presented in real time, is either intense or drawn-out, depending on your point of view. My most hard-core guest posited that the director seems to have forgone the more base aspects in favor of the psychological ones, and may have made the segment much more erotic in the process. Hmmm. Another thought that the roles should have been reversed and that the segment was much too drawn out, especially since there were no climaxes.

THE LANDLORD tells the story of a landlord who comes for the rent and leaves with much more. Both men are mature, attractive and well built, although the landlord is older. This segment was the least popular of my guests, but it had some good scenes. Unfortunately, the models seemed to be struggling, and the camera man's shadow got in the way of the best shot.

DOWN ON THE FARM was the consensus favorite of the four segments. The model (shown in the P.R. Simon ad in the October 90 CR issue) is a stocky, 69-year-old former marine and truck driver who proceeds to strangle his impressive tube steak to the accompaniment of country music. Rumor has it that the model goes exclusively for women or TVs. He's one *butch sombitch.*

THE TUTOR features a 54-year-old, super chub (6'-2", 370#) in the starring role and a genuine younger chaser as the student. The big tutor should be a hit with lovers of Bigmen. He definitely made a hit with two of my chaser guests. The student is a delight in his hungry enthusiasm.

In addition to the video's refreshing diversity, there is an element of honesty about it. It gave us the vicarious thrill of eavesdropping instead of watching a bunch of actors recite lines and drop to their knees on command. Several of my dinner guests complained of the high cost, but I reminded them that there are legal pitfalls the producer has to deal with. Moreover, if the clone videographers thought *they* might sell only a couple of hundred copies, their price would be substantially higher than Simon's. The bottom line is that this videographer is talented and sincerely trying to give us what we want. If this project does well, he'll obviously spend more money on quality the next time (I assure you that I'll make sure he does, because I'll review it). And if it doesn't sell, then who will try doing another?

I get the impression that KENT JUSTICE gave up on his video project, as did WAYNE HAMPTON. And contrary to some rumors, CR will NOT re-release the SWAN videos or sell the masters to a distributor. The video's star, ROB DADEO, absolutely forbids it and has been heard to say that he regrets having done the video (in spite of the fact that he met his lover because of it).

DADDY BUFFET is the current—and only—video featuring older men. It's the state of the art today.

THE ADVOCATE AND ORAL SEX

I heard that The ADVOCATE was going to do an article on oral sex, and I couldn't wait to see how they handled it. After all, aren't they one of the pioneers of the "safe sex guideline," which tells us that sucking (but stopping before climax) is considered possibly safe and swallowing semen is considered unsafe? (Trouble is, the damned guideline never tells us if it's okay to swallow pre-cum.) Finally, issue 563 came out and there on the cover was the caption: "HOW SAFE IS ORAL SEX?" I promptly bought my first issue in years.

The first line of Ann Giudici Fettner's article says it all: "How safe is unprotected oral sex? It depends on whom you ask." Somehow, I knew that I wasn't going to read anything I hadn't read before. And sure enough, it turned out to be a condensed rehash. Worse, I got the impression that her source material was rather limited. She mostly touched on the inhibitory factor in saliva and the disagreement among certain AIDS groups over what type of sex should be considered safe. So what about hard data? Since there presently exists not a shred of scientific data confirming oral HIV transmission, Fettner's hard evidence is nothing more than claims from a small group of AIDS victims that they had participated exclusively in oral sexual activity. As to risks, she quotes a San Francisco AIDS physician, who says that the risk of getting AIDS orally is somewhere between a 1-in-4,000 chance (the same as getting killed on a California freeway) and a 1-in-12,000 chance (the same as getting struck by lightning). This is cogent? I can come up with an equally prominent AIDS doctor who will say that the risks are more like 1-in-100,000! I know of at least six doctors who say privately that there is NO risk.

The killer is her final paragraph. Having uncovered no new scientific data to back up the article, Fettner ends with, "If you decide to play the odds with becoming infected, you should remember that however long the odds may be, unprotected oral sex does sometimes transmit HIV."

Of course, the guidelines in The ADVOCATE remain the same. They still consider anal and oral sex of equal risk. It's like saying that the risk of being killed in Russian roulette is the same as getting hit by lightning.

I WAS JUST THINKING
by BILL HARRIS

I know there are two subjects that are taboo if you want to keep harmonious relations, but I feel moved to talk on one of those subjects: religion. And remember that the thoughts expressed here are those of only one man and do not necessarily reflect the views of CHIRON RISING.

I was just thinking: Have I progressed in my religious beliefs or am I moving closer to a "forever" that offers only burning in hell with no Solarcaine? Like everything else, it depends on who's reading this, I guess. I like to think the choice does not have to be one or the other.

This will probably flood the mailbox of CR with outpourings of shock that would make the Philippines earthquake look like an early manifestation of palsy. But say it I will: I have never understood what religion has to do with sex, and vice versa.

I was raised in the Bible Belt with all the fundamentalist trappings. As a kid, I wondered about the geographical expansiveness of a hell that could accommodate everyone who swore, played cards, danced—not to (dare I?) mention masturbated, fucked out of wedlock and (what must be the worst sin of all, as it was not even mentioned in a cleaned-up way) sucked a cock. The words in themselves were so offensive even to contemplate that the church leaders would obscure their meanings by using expressions that served only to confuse and often result in the complete loss of their meaning.

I was in high school before I dared to begin to think for myself on religious matters and to decide that mine was a god of love, not hate, and that somehow all these "sins" really did mesh with love. So in college I moved to a slightly less restrictive church, one in which I could now do blasphemous things like play bridge and dance without having to get my ticket to hell punched. But I still was reducing my chances of ever hobnobbing with Gabriel every time I jerked off, which was often, or (perish the thought) fucked or sucked.

The older I got the less I could see how sucking and fucking related to religion. Again, my god was not communicating to me disaster if I engaged in satisfying my carnal desires, so I "outgrew" even that church.

I progressed or regressed to having my own personal religion because organized religion did not seem to fit into what my god and I considered to be natural and productive. So I stayed away from organized religion entirely for some thirty years. This was comfortable but not entirely fulfilling. Then I discovered a very liberal church that never threatens with heaven or hell but instead encouraged me to think. No religion I had experienced before ever gave me leeway to think; the church spoon-fed all my religion. I was obligated to believe as the church dictated. This new freedom allowed me and my god (who I had begun to think was unique only to me) to be comfortable in our relationship. What was even more important, I could have sex in any way that would not bring harm to an individual (adult, that is), and it was of no concern to the church whatsoever. As a matter of fact, they were concerned only that I should not be a victim of prejudice because I was gay. I was convinced I had found the best of all religions.

Then came the supplement to complete the package. Along came St. Priapus Church. While it has several outlets, I affiliated with the one in Montreal because it seemed to be more focused on sex than some of the other branches. Now here's a religion that I can relate to! Here is a church that worships the phallus! Here is a church that not only tolerates gay sex, but encourages it in the belief that sex relieves those stresses that cause hate, war, jealousy, bigotry, etc. As far as sex is concerned, anything goes between adults . . . no hang-ups, no prejudices. Last summer they had a four-day retreat in Chicago. Four days of nothing but cock worship! It was so successful they plan to make it an annual event. Needless to say, there is no age discrimination and there is complete freedom of sexual expression.

It has taken me all these years to find my niche again in religion. With the combination of these two, I am having the best of all worlds and I am religious with no guilt! I have nothing but positive vibes. I have destroyed my punch card to hell. I'm not going there. I'm going to Chicago next June instead!

COVER MODEL PROFILES

RUSSIAN BEAR (inside front cover) is 57, 5'-9", 195#, hairy, husky, well-hung and SINGLE! He's also a nonsmoker and very health conscious. RUSSIAN BEAR seeks BIG MEN, 35-60 who are well hung and looking for a close relationship.

THE GARDENER (inside back cover) is a 60-year-old Teddybear living in Brugge, Belgium with his 36-year-old lover. They enjoy traveling, cooking, pen pals and visitors. They'll be visiting the U.S. next year. THE GARDENER starred in our last issue and the letters are still coming in!

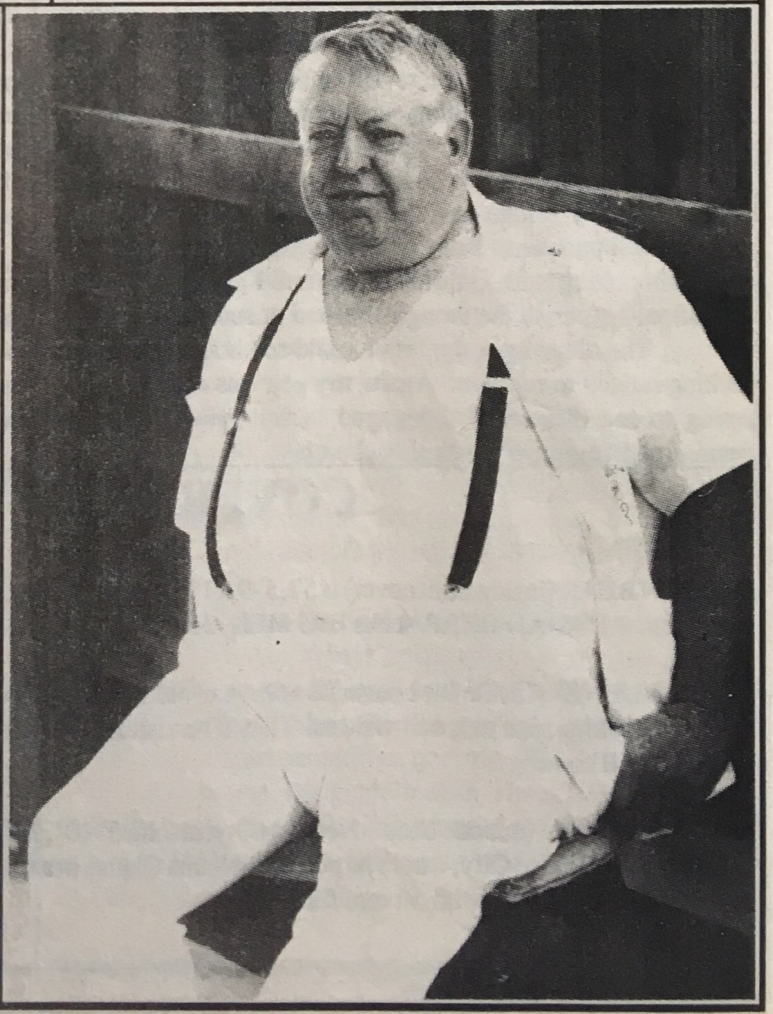
SILENUS HONEY (outside back cover)is a 60-year-old, 5'-10", 240# experimental filmmaker/actor. This brawny, sexy Santa just got back from Mexico City, where he portrayed Santa Clause in a television commercial. Last summer, he performed Shakespeare. He lives in Los Angeles with 50 rare finches.

BIG MEN

photos by p.h. colley

DRIVER (left), a retired Las Vegas widower, is 55, 5'-11", 270# and hung. Want more? He's as butch as they come and just loves his dog, truck and boat. He seeks friends, sex buddies (in that order) and considers race unimportant. Small-framed men are a plus.

SHOE (right), 62, has eyes of blue and is looking for you! Seriously, this burly, sort-of-shy man is 5'-11", 250# and is looking for someone between 30 and 48, 150 to 200#. He loves classical and movie music, theatre pipe organs, theatres, toys, trains, travel, home, hugging and kissing. This man is sincere in his need to find s ome-one to care about and seeks someone who feels the same.



THE POETRY OF SEAN BAILEY

THE YELLOW WINDOW

He doesn't hear me say good-night
And brush my lips against his
Or touch the back of my hand along his beard.
He breathes peacefully, content.
I leave the low-watt night lamp burning:
It casts a liquid amber warmth
To bronze his cheek as I go—
A male Pygmalion the Greeks will never know!

Above me a square of yellow window
Paints a faint straw path to my car.
I glance one last time upward
To the golden glow through the night-fog
And turn the key, smiling,
The even engine purr so like his breath
Beside me only moments ago.
I nose into the white mist
But my eyes are drawn again
To his warm yellow window.

I cannot see beyond the fog reflection
But move a yard or two,
Then pause to wonder at what draws me away
Into the night-fog from his side.
The choice is really not a choice at all.
The urgency and the demand that pulled on me
Are lost, enveloped in the cotton grey,
Forgotten there below a yellow window.

His breathing purrs quietly and gently
As I slip my length beside him.
He doesn't even know that I've been gone.
The honey glow curls bronzen through his hair.
I smile again and sigh content
Beside the golden promise
Behind the yellow window.

[SEAN BAILEY is an unattached, 49-year-old educator who resides in the Midwest. He seeks a stable, permanent partner, 35-55.]

THE POETRY OF SAXON

OLD BEAR

From across light years come the answers to prayers,
while I'm lying next to you in wakeful quiet,
Where finally there seems a substance to dreams
and hope again the comfort of blue-violet.

You reaffirm the simplest of truths as soft light
shines welcome through the half-shaded windows,
Splashing your room with the sun's perfume
and highlighting your face as a lamp glows.

Watching you sleep, I witness the passing of stately Greeks,
minds made fresh as young buckeyes,
Become the fathers, friends, sons, and brothers
and the feisty rude Generals and the brave G.I.'s

When sparks flash in your hair of such earth-cut brilliance—
like a rare diamond shed—
Polished silver by life's time-tumbling currents
into Roman wreaths around your head;

When good wine and a little laughter overtake reserve
and your tired eyes soften with delight;
When your quiet suffering becomes the spit and fire
of a wrestler always ready to fight—

It is then that I know you've been here before,
many times a builder, many times at war.
And then I know whence your goodness comes,
having carried us all through the light year runs.

But, like an old bear, you stand aggressively at bay,
warning us against intrusion while enticing us to play.
Help me decide, then, soldier . . . father . . . friend,
which path leads to the beginning, which to the end?

You seem to know, yet you've never mentioned it;
I need to know, yet you've never questioned it.
Ah, well, the answer may be, as your strength suggests,
the high summer climes upon which solitude rests:

Where rain clouds move off to the horizon
and the sky turns chalky blue, gray and cinnamon;
Where southerly breezes ripple a mountain lake
and the sun sets behind the hands of a fisherman.

If only I could build a similar continent
all safe and settled at last within your shores;
Where your seed is sent and my belly is meant
to take in what your body awards.

You know the place as well as I—
you've been there and looked through the door.
Oh, journey me, sir, by all grace of God
to that heavenly place once more!

Most take for granted a place such as this,
but you and I go there the best we can—
If not for always, then for now and ever,
beautiful, beautiful man.

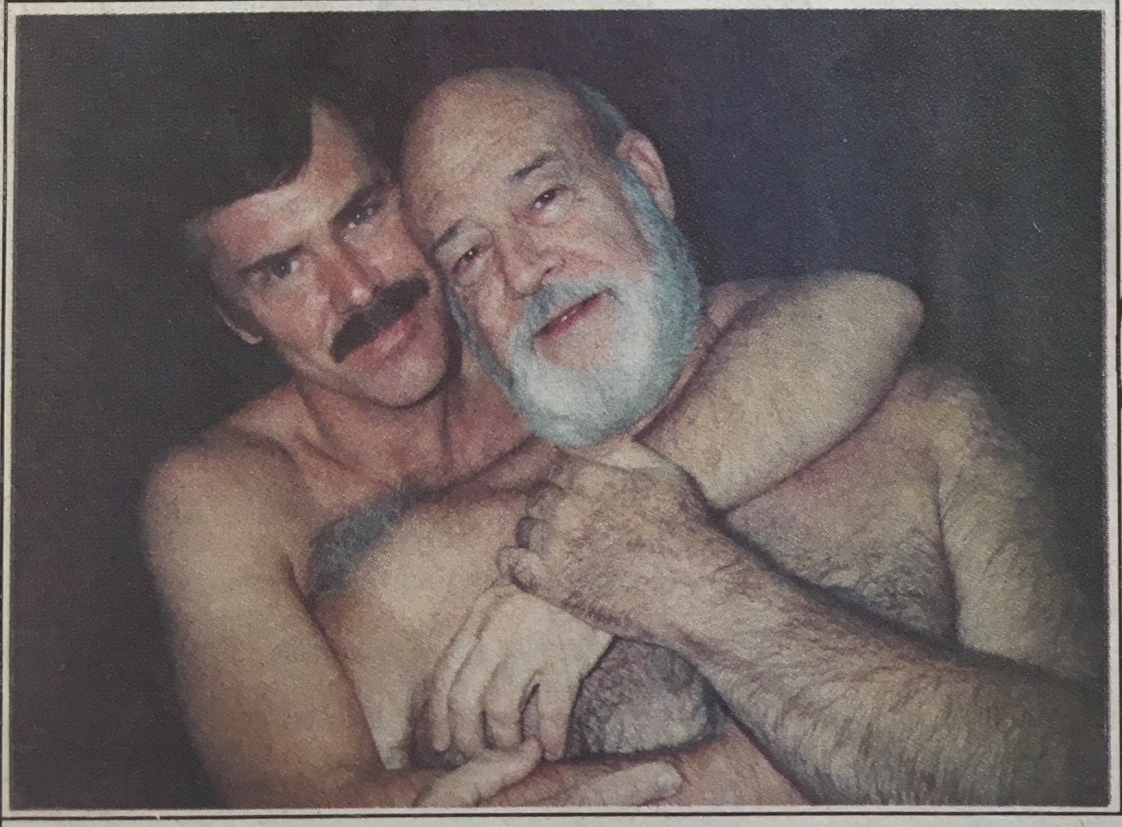
[SAXON is a 40-year-old native of Denver. A philosophical delivery man, he is a lover of art and music (and sports, á la Michelangelo).]

COUPLES

RAYMONDO AND THE ENGLISH SQUIRE

. . . photo by G.P.S.

The Squire, 68, and Raymondo, 43, met a year ago--love and lust at first sight. They live happily together on the south coast of England.

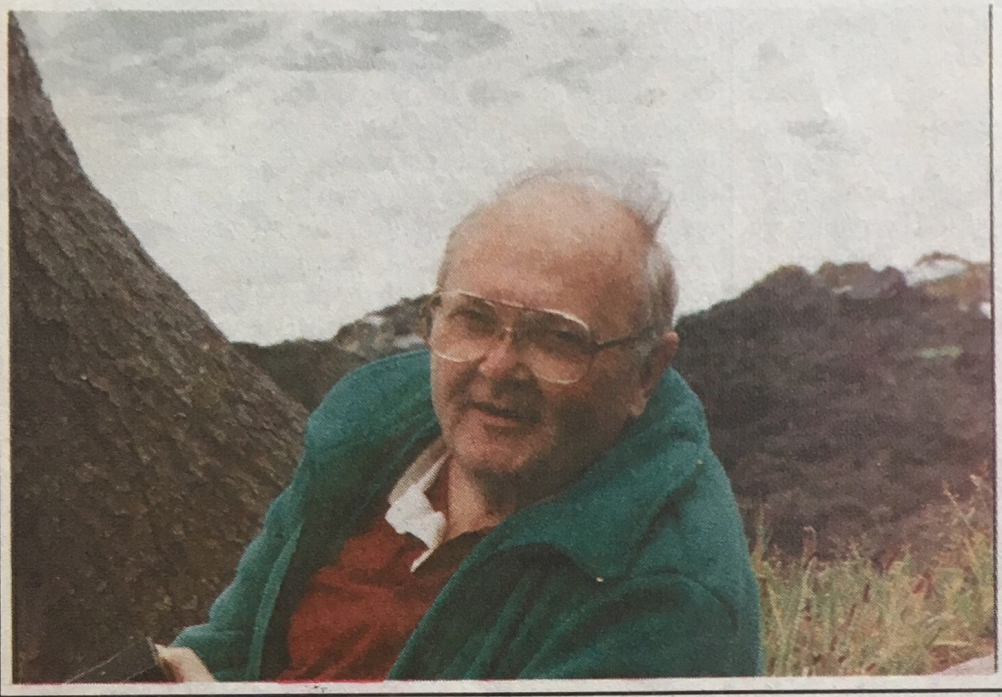


KENT AND THE COLONEL

. . . photo by DAVID

KENT and THE COLONEL are practically co-founders of CR, having supported us and kept us in art-work, fiction and photography for almost five years. They live together near New Orleans.

LOOKING FOR A COUPLING



LAYTON
. . . photo by G.H.

LAYTON is looking for a clean-cut, 30ish, dark-haired, motivated younger man for a permanent one-to-one relationship in the Pacific Northwest.

T.P. . . . photo by SANDPIPER

T.P. is a youthful, robust, sexy 81 and lives in the Chicago area. He prefers younger, caring men, but is not a sugar daddy. He is warm, lovable and believes in sharing everything half and half.

THIRTEEN MONTHS . . .
a true story by THE FRIAR

When I was born the seventh of eleven children on Christmas Eve, 1920, on a 180 acre farm near the Ohio River in western Kentucky, who would have figured what was in store for me 23 years later? In light of my childhood crises (pneumonia twice, black widow spider bite, near tragic barn door accident), who would have figured that I would even *live* to see 23?

During the depression, my parents lost everything we had, and my father had to go to work at the shipyards in Evansville, Indiana, where I graduated from high school. After WWII started, I was drafted, ending up in the Army Air Force. I was accepted as an Aviation Cadet and received my wings and second lieutenant bars one year and one day after being drafted.

By December, 1943, I was flying combat missions out of England. My first mission, on December 24th, was as a B24 navigator in the first raid on the gun emplacements on the coast of France. It was my birthday. Unfortunately, we suffered a mid-air collision and a propeller came up through the nose of the plane, severing the tendons in my left hand and bouncing off my chest. Luckily I was wearing a flak jacket.

Loaded with bombs and crippled with jammed bomb bay doors, we hobbled back to England around mid-day, dodging barrage balloons over London. North of London, the order was given to bail out before the pilots attempted to land the plane. After seeing that the remainder of the crew had jumped, I wished the pilots luck and walked out into the bomb bay to jump. Suddenly I realized that, because of the severed tendons, my left hand was frozen on the bomb bay shackles. I therefore released my right hand from the parachute chord and pried open my left hand, finally rolling out of the plane at less than 1,000 feet. Both the plane and I reached the ground safely.

Since the air raid was huge in scope, we weren't the only ones bailing out over England. Trucks were pouring over the countryside, picking up airmen and taking them to hospitals. I was taken to a field hospital with only nurses and one doctor on duty. Of course it was Christmas Eve and everyone was out partying.

My left arm was placed in a sling to keep my hand above my heart in order to suppress bleeding. Many of the injuries that day were more serious than mine, so the doctor wasn't able to get to me before ten that night. Since a patient had to be conscious during the reattachment of tendons in those days (to confirm that the tendons were sewed to the correct fingers, otherwise the patient would go bonkers), I plainly understood when the doctor told the nurse that he would have to give up trying to reattach the tendons and amputate my hand. I bolted up into a sitting position and demanded that he finish the procedure. He warned me of the possibility of gangrene and permanent stiffness, but I demanded that he take that chance. The doctor agreed to complete the surgery and of course it turned out successful. I found out later that he was a neurologist.

By January, I was flying again. Since I was trained to use the then-secret radar—called Mickey—and only the lead planes were equipped with it, I began flying nothing but important missions, leading the 8th Air Force. On April 1, 1944, while on a bombing mission into Germany, we were hit by flak, but continued on to drop our bombs. On the way back, we ran out of fuel and the order was given to bail out. I landed in an open field, almost on top of one of my sergeants, and was greeted by a French woman. She urged us to take off our yellow May West vests, which she placed under her apron, then told us to follow her. We assumed that she was about to hide us from the Germans. Our elation was short-lived, however, because we heard shots and the woman disappeared. That's when we realized that we had landed among a German Panzer division.

We were soon confronted by several German soldiers with drawn guns and loaded into a truck that already contained most of the members of our crew. Following the trail of our wreckage, the Germans came across the body of our base commander, a Colonel who was flying as copilot. He'd hesitated and finally jumped too late. From there we were driven to a little town somewhere near the Belgian/French border, where the colonel's body was thrown across the front bumper of the truck and driven through the town with his inert body on display. Of the 13 member crew, the colonel was the only fatality.

We were imprisoned in Lille, France, and held for several days in a basement, where we were given tin cans to use as toilets and boards to sleep on. Later, we were placed on a train and shipped across Belgium to Köln, just in time for a British night air raid. It was one of the most frightening experiences of my life. The parachute flares lit up the whole marshalling yard, making us highly vulnerable. First, we could only sit in the cars as bombs dropped around us, shattering the windows and showering us with broken glass. Finally, we were ushered off the train and into bomb shelters, replacing German civilians, who stood at the entrance, screaming obscenities and threats at us. Who would blame them?

When the raid was over, we were ushered back onto the train, which shuffled back and forth in the railroad yards until rail repairs were made. Finally the train proceeded to Frankfurt, where we were taken off, locked up and stripped of our clothing. Incredibly, our flight suits were impregnated with glass. And since our suits had been wired for heat, the Germans were very suspicious.

Because I was the very first American radar operator captured alive, I was interrogated for several harrowing days by the *Gestapo*. When I wasn't being questioned about my knowledge of the secret radar and threatened with a firing squad, I was placed into solitary confinement in a four by eight foot room. The only light came from a small, inaccessible window, which afforded me the sounds of the firing squad activities outside. My only nourishment came from a single piece of

bread which was slipped underneath the door each day.

For reasons I've never been able to determine, the *Gestapo* gave up on me and turned me over to the *Luftwaffe*, the German air force. My interrogation was now in the hands of a tall, handsome German officer, whose rank was equivalent to our first lieutenant. One day, after not seeing the blond officer for 10 days, I was brought before him and noticed that he had been promoted to *hauptmann*, the equivalent of our captain. Without thinking, I extended my hand in congratulations. Obviously impressed by my gesture, he spoke to me in a friendly manner. In fairly good English, he said that since I wouldn't tell them how to operate the Mickey set, he would tell *me*. He played a tape recording of someone giving instructions on how to operate the British version of the Mickey. After the tape was played, the officer studied my reaction. I remained silent, hoping that a smile wouldn't give me away. Of course, I knew that using the same instructions with the American version would cause the unit to detonate. After being excused, I was allowed out of 29 days of solitary confinement and enjoyed my first shave and shower since April first.

Shortly thereafter, I was transferred to a small town called Sagan, which was approximately 60 kilometers southeast of Berlin. There, I was interned in a new prisoner-of-war camp, consisting of 60 barracks, each holding about 100 men. The camp had been built in the middle of a pine forest and we were allowed to dig up the stumps with tin cans and use them for fire wood. Every morning and afternoon, we were required to get into formation for a head count. If the count didn't check out, we were left standing there, sometimes for hours while the Germans checked out who was missing. We were each issued a small fork, a spoon (with a swastika on the handle) and a small saucer. Some of the guys were handy at tin work and, with a wooden mallet, made larger utensils to eat from. I still have some of these items as souvenirs.

Once a week, each barracks was allowed a shower, and we were marched to the shower building dressed only in overcoats and boots. Wishing to have a daily shower, I figured out the rotation and learned how to blend in with other groups heading for the showers. I was never caught and enjoyed very good hygiene for the duration of my stay.

There was very little food. Every two or three months, we'd get blood sausage (which I never ate), but most of the time we were fed watery soup and perhaps a slice of bread. Some days we got nothing to eat. Of course, there were the Red Cross parcels, which were designed to feed one man for a week, but they were scarce and three or four men had to share one package. Also included in the parcels were soap, chocolate and cigarettes, which we used for bartering.

Remarkably, I was able to remain healthy the entire time I was there. Thanks to the time I spent outside in the sun, I never even suffered a cold. And since I'd previously survived two bouts with pneumonia, this was no small feat. I did almost everything in the sun. There were entire days reserved for the exercise of digging up stumps and I spent hours walking around the compound. I read everything I could get my hands on and many of the bad weather days were spent playing bridge. One day I got the idea of cutting out the lining of my overcoat and making a pair of bikini shorts for sunbathing. They looked so good that I was commissioned to make pairs for 15 other men.

On January 20, 1945, just after midnight, we were advised that there would be a forced march to escape advancing Russian troops. After I gathered up all the bartering material and food I could stuff inside my overcoat, we were called out into the twenty below zero cold and ordered to march to the southwest. Thus began the most horrible journey of my life. Into the night we marched in fifty minute cycles, followed by ten minutes of rest.

A friend was having great difficulty on the march. He'd suffered a crushed leg bailing out over Germany, and his captors had botched his treatment, causing him to limp badly. During each rest stop, he would sit down on the ice to alleviate the intense pain. Unfortunately, he would always become stuck. Concerned for his safety, I avoided sitting during the rest stops so I could dislodge him and help him up before he was trampled by the seemingly endless line of troops behind us.

At one of the rest stops, the word got out that one of the supply wagon horses had died. It graphically reminded us just how cold it was and kept us going. Later, we heard that a German guard had also succumbed to the cold. It became obvious that we had to take care of each other and help each other survive. By daybreak, we found ourselves under some sort of shelter and we were given some food. All of us had survived.

Soon thereafter, we were stuffed into box cars and sent to a POW camp near Nürnberg. Having been occupied previously, it was infested with every insect and disease imaginable. Worse, we were so cold that we burned our bed slats and all the side boards from the outside latrine to stay warm. And because the British were nightly bombing the marshalling yards in Nürnberg just below the camp, we were required to dig our own fox holes with tin cans.

Finally we got organized and formed combines, which pooled what little food we could get. At this camp, there were no Red Cross parcels, no meat, no fruit. The Germans provided us with barley soup one day, followed by pea soup the next. It was the only food we had for more than two months. Those of us who could still stand distributed the soup and took care of those who had lost so much weight that they were bedridden. One day, I made the mistake of breaking open a pea and finding a worm inside. Later, I looked closely at the barley soup. Mixed with the grain were small, barley-like maggots floating on top.

I never told any of the prisoners about what I found because I figured that they were nutritionally better off consuming it. Had they known the true ingredients, they would have stopped eating and starved. I continued drinking the broth, but I couldn't eat the solids floating on top. Why I didn't die of malnutrition, I'll never know.

Spring arrived and Americans troops crossed the Rhine, so the Germans decided to move us again. Our ranking American officer, a colonel, refused to order us into box cars because all trains were routinely being strafed by Allied planes. The Germans agreed and we were instead ordered into another forced march—this time, south toward Munich.

This forced march was a lot different from the earlier one. Every day we were monitored by American P38s, the

sight of which really gave us a lift. We knew that it was just a matter of time. At night, we stayed together in barns and were allowed to barter with the local farmers for milk, eggs and other food. One morning we were massed in a barnyard for a head count when a German sergeant began to speak. With tears in his eyes, he announced that President Roosevelt had died.

Although I wasn't in good shape, I grew close to a young pilot who had been shot down over Italy. He was deathly ill with diarrhea and could barely walk. Many times he was unable to go on and I would stay behind with a compassionate German guard to try to coax him on. He begged me to go on and let him die, but I stuck by him, somehow catching up with the others before nightfall. At night, I cooked him broth and anything else he could keep down. I was determined to save him and did.

Arriving at another prisoner-of-war camp in Moosburg, we were assaulted with a continuous, heavy rain which seemed to never let up. We slept in tents with no bedding, and I had to gather up large rocks to keep from having to sleep in the mud. In mid-April, American troops arrived near the perimeter of the camp and began firing artillery at German troops on the other side. There was a continuous barrage of shells going back and forth over us. One morning, we awakened to find the German guards gone. Needless to say, we all went berserk.

My most vivid memory was when General Patton, the pearl handles of his pistols shining, rode through the camp on a tank the following day after we were liberated.

From there, we were flown to Camp Lucky Strike, just outside of Paris, where I was hospitalized with a slight fever. I weighed less than 100 pounds. It was during this few days in the hospital that I experienced my first sex with another man, an Air Force medical officer. After several needless days in the hospital and more of discharge processing, I was shipped across the Atlantic on a troop carrier. While lying in a third bunk, I became very ill and assumed that it was due to sea sickness. Too proud to admit that I was seasick, I attempted to tough it out, but my bunk mates convinced me to go to sick bay. There, I found out that I had ptomaine poisoning and was hospitalized for the duration of the voyage. How ironic that I survived so much and almost died eating navy food.

By the time we arrived in New York on June 6, 1945, I was well and very, very happy to be back home. Almost immediately, that 13 months of my life became like a nightmare and not real at all. I avoided thinking about it for many years. Looking back now, I'm amazed over how much I can't recall. So many specifics leave me. But the effects are still with me—will be with me forever. To this day, I can't stand to see anyone go hungry.

Perhaps that's why Pat, Sammi and Zelda are so well fed.

[THE FRIAR is the 70-year-old life partner of your editor. For almost five years, he has selflessly devoted virtually all of his free time to this magazine and keeps your editor inspired, as well as on the right track.]

GIRTH & MIRTH

An international network of clubs for Bigmen and their admirers. Contact the club in your region for more information.

Chubbies & Chasers of So. Florida
P.O. Box 6494
Delray Beach, FL 33484
(407) 499-7226

Gentle Giants of Oregon
P.O. Box 412
Wilsonville, OR 97070
(503) 981-4281

Girth & Mirth of Chicago
P.O. Box 14384
Chicago, IL 60614
(312) 776-9223

Girth & Mirth of Detroit
P.O. Box 39523
Redford, MI 48239
(313) 531-3907

Girth & Mirth of Los Angeles
P.O. Box 19520
Los Angeles, CA 90019
(213) 960-7611

Girth & Mirth of U.K.
Westwood Lodge; Dukes Drive, Monton, Eccles, U.K.
M30 8BD, Manchester, ENGLAND
061-707-6207

Girth & Mirth of New England
P.O. Box 6041
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Girth & Mirth of San Francisco
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San Francisco, CA 94101
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Falls Church, VA 22044
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Golden Gate Connection
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Daly City, CA 94017

Northwest Chubbies
P.O. Box 9935
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WOLF was artist in resident at the American College of Switzerland, '69 and '70; McDowell Fellow; Pratt Institute graduate, '58; Massachusetts College of Art graduate, '57.

PERSONAL ADS

The express purpose of these ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. We takes no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or incident resulting therefrom and urge all our subscribers to use caution and common sense. We will screen all ads and refuse to print any which, in our opinion, implies deceit, fraud or peril. We cannot, however, control or monitor replies.

Valid complaints about advertisers who fail to answer replies are compiled and abusers are denied advertising services.

The following are instructions for writing to advertisers with code words, which are in **BOLD CAPITAL LETTERS**, followed by NO address. Note: Write to models, artists and writers the same way.

1. Write, return address, stamp and seal your letter. NOTE: For those overseas readers who have no access to U.S. postage stamps, please include cash.
2. IN PENCIL, write the code word or contributor's (model, artist, writer) name in the CENTER of the envelope.
3. Place your letter (or letters) inside a larger envelope and fully identify yourself in the return address.
4. Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

ALL RESPONDERS MUST BE OVER 21. THE EXCLUSION OF AN AGE LIMITATION IN ANY AD DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN INVITATION TO MINORS. THESE ADS ARE FOR ADULTS ONLY.

ALABAMA

(G-2/91) ALABAMA/NATIONWIDE: Tired of living alone? Can you pay $200 monthly for rent? You can relocate here for that amount and share my 2 bedroom, furnished apartment. I'm GWM, 72, healthy, caring, sober, sane, nonsmoker. Lived here 10 years. Age not important, ability to share is. This is my final inquiry. All answered. Write: Charlie, P.O. Box 20538, Montgomery, AL 36120.

ARIZONA

(S-12/90) ARIZONA-TEXAS-FLORIDA WINTERS, OREGON SUMMERS: Vegas, Laughlin, Reno and other stops enroute. GWM RVer, 69, 6'-2", 190#, grey hair, moustache, smoke/drug free, lite drinker, desires trim, masculine, self-sufficient, young (to 50) lover for relationship. Interim, short-term, safe-sex affair considered. Lots of love to give. Write: SNO-BIRD, Box 2010, Sparks, NV 89432.

(A-2/91) TEDDYBEAR NEEDS LOVING IN PHOENIX: GWM, 50, 5'-10", 265#, white hair/blue eyes, likes to cuddle, is very affectionate, and likes to do things together. Likes cooking, music, cars, photography. Prefer short, younger man. Slender, with dark, hairy chest are all big pluses. I don't smoke, drink or do drugs. Enjoy light S & M. Write with photo to: Dave, 6659 N. 23rd St., Phoenix, AZ 85016.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(B-12/90) SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA TOP: GWM, 59 years young, short, stocky, hairy, hung, non-smoker, bald, healthy, clean-shaven, HIV negative. Strictly top. Seeks men my age or younger for safe encounters. Not interested in relationship as I have lover. Prefer French A and Greek P. Into light S & M. Write to: **BAY AREA TOP**

(M-12/90) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 48, bearded, goodlooking, masculine, stocky, work-muscular body, 24" thighs, 18" calves, 5'-8", 168#, 6" cut, 1 nut, brown (greying, balding) hair. I'm Fr/P, long sessions preferred. Also into kink, raunch, imaginative sex. Honest, like same. Not ageist or racist. Like bald, bearded, bright, offbeat, bear-y types. (415) 771-6018, weeknights only. Write: Rich Maclain, 1651 Larkin St. #4, San Francisco, CA 94109.

(C-2/91) WARLOCK OFFERS PHALLIC WORSHIP: Sober, sane, non-smoker, 57, 6', 230#, 5-1/2" cut, Greek passive, tattooed, dentured, pierced & ringed GWM seeks SafeSex. I enjoy being USED to satisfy a MAN's kinkiest desires. If your endowment is over 8 inches, your age/weight/race/looks are o.k. with me. Call (415) 443-3083, or write: **SUCCUBUS**

(S-2/91) S.F. BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: You: very masculine, gentle, clean body, mature age. Your place locally for long sessions. Possible live-in my good home near Oakland from anywhere. Me: W/M, 60s, 5'-11", 155#, moustache, dentured, cut, thick, sensuous, versatile, expert frencher, massager. Write: J.R.S., P.O. Box 20331, Oakland, CA 94620.

(N-12/90) GENTLEMAN, 55-75, SOUGHT: by Japanese GM, 35, who is attractive, trim, professional, sincere and romantic. Looking for a refined yet masculine man, stocky, chairman of the board type, for friendship or more. Photo and phone gets quick reply. Write: **AQUARIUS**

(H-2/91) SACRAMENTO/NO. CALIF: GWM, 55, 5'-11", 230#, blue/blond, average looks, romantic, sincere and honest. Enjoys cooking, dining out, theatre, opera, quiet evenings by fire, fishing, travel, gardening. Financially stable, semi-retired, involved in antiques and flea markets. HIV negative, clean and sober. Seek friendship/relationship with another 40-65 young-at-heart who is healthy. Write: **TAURUS**

(K-12/90) SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA BOTTOM: GWM, 60, 5'-11", excellent body, seeks travel companion or country buddy, 45-70 yrs. I am strictly bottom, into lite S/M. I prefer passive French and active Greek. Call Don at (415) 255-0970.

(W-2/91) SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 33, brown hair, dark blue eyes, 5'-10", 155#, seeks mature, 45-60, medium-weight man. Hairy, salt/pepper chests, romantic hugging and kissing really turn me on. I'm well

endowed. Go down on all sizes, but perfer LARGE! No smokers, drinkers, drugees. Photo appreciated. Write: D.W., 1570 Fifth Avenue, Belmont, CA 94002.

(M-4/91) SANTA ROSA FRIENDSHIP, FUN & MORE: Two HIV negative, 51+, passive French, seek active French, 30 to 65. Doug: 6 ft., 145#. George: 6 ft., 325#. Want 3 ways. Write: George & Doug, P.O. Box 282, Fulton, CA 95439.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(M-12/90) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Eager and friendly, 90% top, wants welcoming passive with own home, over 40, non-promiscuous, HIV negative for regular get-it-ons. Shorter, hairy are plusses. SFV, Glendale are extra plusses. I am 58, 6 ft, 205, brown & blue, hairy and strong. HIV negative. Write: D.E., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(S-2/91) I'VE GOT BALLS! 64-year-old hunk, 6', 185#, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, clean shaven, moderately hairy, well hung, seeks eager oral experts to drain me dry and then some. Any age or race is fine. I have no top/bottom hangups but I'll respect yours. Southern California preferred but will answer all. Write: KSS, P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.

(P-4/91) PASADENA, CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Homeowner, GWM, 52, 5'-11", 185# with red/brown hair and blue eyes, clean cut, sincere, easy going (HIV negative, French A/P, cut and have much more than most), straight acting, self-employed professional in the entertainment industry. Desires monogamous relationship with younger, romantic, mature, straight acting, intelligent, honest, responsible and sensitive equal life partner. I enjoy companionship, sex, motorhome travel, treasure hunting, swimming, movies, theater, Disneyland and quiet times at home. If you are a non-smoker (or willing to quit) and not into the drug or heavy alcohol scenes, please reply with detailed letter, photo and phone to: **PASADENA DREAMER.**

(S-6/91 SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/ORANGE COUNTY: Bi/W/M, 55, 5'-11", 235#, passive yet rugged and muscular, open to all types. Equipment: 8" long by 7" around. Likes: French passive, receptive tit/ball play, anal massage, fisting, soft toys, body massage, videos. NO PAIN. I'm very clean and healthy, laid back, horny, highly educated, uninhibited, long lasting and butch. I'm also featured in CR's May Special. Write: **MACK**

(B-2/91) ONE GOOD MAN: 52-year-old, white male, attractive, muscular, very hairy, stocky, 5'-8", 185#, green-eyed, virile, masculine. I'm a former college football halfback and a dog lover. Looking for a mature, genuine, masculine top man for one hell of an experience. Just recently moved to the Victor Valley and travel extensively throughout the High Desert on business. Call (619) 388-4440 or write: **KARL.**

(B-12/90) ARE YOU OVER 55? Do you weigh over 235# and are you masculine, hairy and have a beer belly/stocky? Carpenter type? Professional? Young, 29, successful, muscular, smooth, cute, 5'-8", 130# guy would like to meet and explore possibilities. Write and send phone number to: C.M., 8033 Sunset Blvd. #111, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

(F-12/90) HANDSOME, ATHLETIC, WELL-BUILT PUP: wants a big, mature bulldog to play with. I am GWM, 40, 5'-10", 180#, well-hung, muscular, moderately hairy. You: 40-70, strong, husky and well-hung. Especially love to wrestle, cuddle and have rough and tender sex with some bondage. HIV negative, clean healthy. Okay with top and/or bottom. Write: **STUDMUFFIN**

(S-12/90) ENCINO, 62, EYES OF BLUE: Looking for you! If you are GWM between 30 and 48, 150 to 200#, sincere in your need to find someone to care about . . . me too! I'm 5'-11", 250# and rather shy. Love classical and movie music, theatre pipe organs, theatres, toys, trains, travel, home, hugging & kissing, J/O and being around for each other. Write: Bruce, 5429 Newcastle Ave., Apt. 223, Encino, CA 91516

(F-12/90) LONESOME IN HOLLYWOOD/NATIONWIDE: Attractive GWM, mid 50s, dark hair/eyes, 170#, uncut, Fr A/P, HIV negative. Seeks dark Latin/Italian/European/Asian types for friend and companion, uncut a plus but not a must. I am friendly, outgoing, with a great personality and sense of humor. I love life and all it has to offer. I am not retired, still work at night, but days and weekends FREE! Be slim to husky, sober, honest and sincere. Will answer all. Write with phone and picture if possible: **LONE-WOOD**

(S-12/90) HALF BIRTHDAYS ARE FUN! Open, sharing/caring, masculine, 59, 6'-4", 200#, stereotype Virgo GWM remembers other things, too. Likes classical musical, theater, Nautilus, walking, kissing, cuddling, quiet evenings watching gay videos. Seeks tall, similar, 35-60 top with furry chest and balls. I'm average looking with balding, silver hair. Letter with photo to: Chip, Box 6037, San Pedro, CA 90734.

(B-12/90) ARE YOU OVER 55? Do you weigh over 235#? Are you masculine, hairy, stocky, professional and have a beer belly? Young, 29, successful, muscular, smooth/cute, 5'-8", 130# guy would like to explore possibilities. Write: C.M., 8033 Sunset Boulevard #111, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

(P-2/91) WANTED: JUDGE WAPNER/EDDIE ALBERT TYPE: Seeking: grey hair, sparkling eyes, great smile/voice, hairy chest, medium-stocky build, affectionate, physical and fun, over 50 man's man. I'm 35, 5'-10", 180#-solid build, strong legs, green eyes, brown hair, athletic Steve Garvey type. Photo a must (will return). Write: **SPORT**

(H-12/90) L.A. SEEKS MATURE MEN: GWM, HIV negative, 33, 6'-1", 180#, beard/bald. Wants to meet mature, masculine men, 45-65, 190-210#, tall, hairy (beard/bald a plus), who are educated and have a sense of humor for friendship and possibly more. Write: Stan, P.O. Box 93702, Los Angeles, CA 90093.

[continued on page 39]

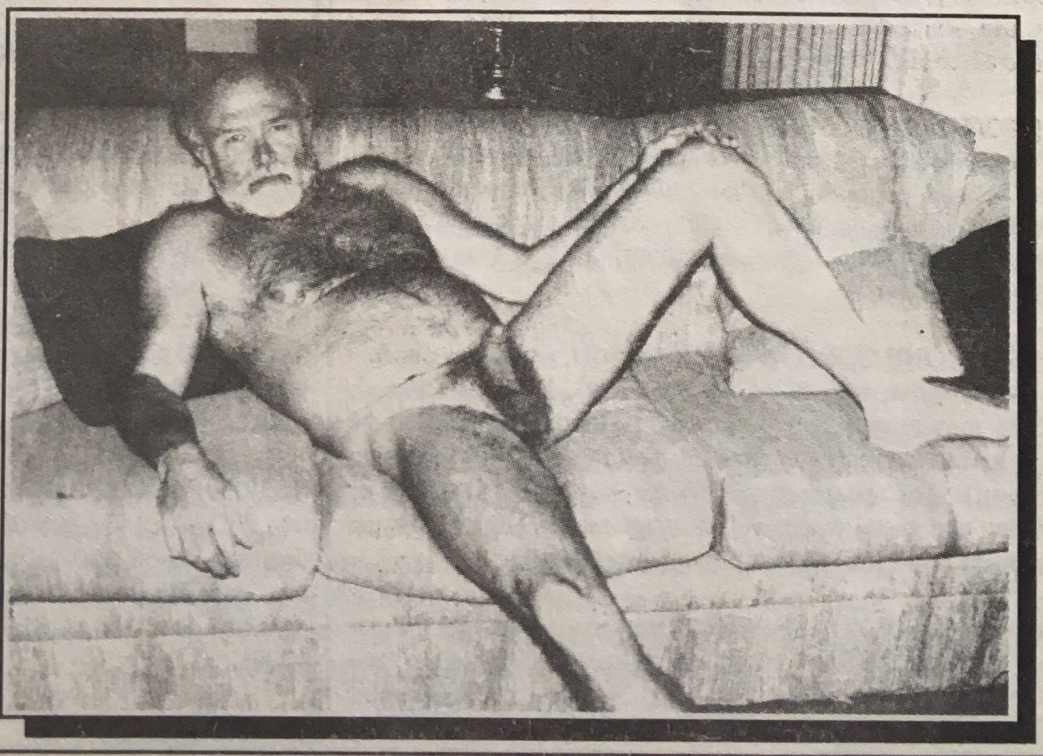
NUDISTS

ZEJ . . . a self portrait

This healthy, 79-year-old hunk is 6'-0" and 185#. He's a quiet, affectionate, romantic nudist who doesn't talk much and enjoys domesticity and good music.

WOTAN . . . a self portrait

WOTAN is a professional into nudism and photo exchange. He likes non-drinkers, non-smokers and hunks of all ages.



(J-4/91) ORANGE COUNTY BIG GUYS: Two big guys, early 40s, masculine, hairy, clean, fun. Looking for significant third person, 40 and up. Call or write Jay, P.O. Box 253, Trabuco Canyon, CA 92678, or call (714) 589-9422, days, nights (business phone - ask for Jay).

(B-12/90) NEED A FRIEND? SO DO I: W/M, tall, slender, 40s, clean and healthy, looking for mature (55-85), masculine friend to do things with. I enjoy outdoor activities as well as quiet, loving evenings at home. We are: versatile, caring, honest, sincere, with good sense of humor. Let's get together instead of sitting home alone, wishing we had someone to enjoy life with. Looks, height, weight, size not important. Willingness to love and be loved is. Write: G.K.B., 444 Lincoln Blvd. #224, Venice, CA 90291.

(W-2/91) NEW TO LONG BEACH: 61 years, 6 feet, 245 lbs, lover of life, sense of humor, caring. Reationship nice, friendship regular okay, any age (21 to 75). Be honest, be versatile, be HIV negative. Life can be beautiful! Write: Keith, 4819 Agate, Long Beach, CA 90805.

(P-4/91) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/INTERNATIONAL: GBM, 34, 5'-7", 160#, affectionate, looking for relationship with WM, 50+, stocky/heavy, clean-shaven, no moustache and nonsmoker. Write: Richie, P.O. Box 903, Duarte, CA 91010.

(F-12/90) BEARDED BUDDY BEAR: seeks same for movies, videos, trips, socializing, hugging, cuddling. I'm 40, 6', 235#. Prefer bearded bears, 35 to 55, but looks not important. Write to: Buddy Bear, P.O.Box 9536, San Bernardino, CA 92427.

(H-2/91) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Unattached professional, financially secure, educated, 61-year-old, 6'-1", 210#, considered handsome. Looking for a masculine, very, very Greek active, good-looking man, 30-50, for a warm, sensual and sexual friendship. I live alone, can travel and entertain. Write: **SENSUAL**

(M-2/91) SANTA BARBARA/NATIONWIDE: Just moved here. Need some lovin'. Seek uncut men any age. I'm a horny 70-year-old, friendly and masculine, who wants to give you great F/A pleasure, anytime. Write: A.J.M., 123 E. Micheltorena St. #12, Santa Barbara, CA 93101.

(B-2/91) SWAP PHOTOS/WRITE: GWM, 29, 69", 140#, brown/brown, looking for men over 50, for photo swap/writing. Write: **POPEYER**

(L-2/91) SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 44, 6', 182#, healthy, trim build, discreet, affectionate, easy-going, A/P French, P Greek, 6-1/2" uncut. Would like to meet masculine, mature, well-hung males for friendship/relationship. Be honest and sincere. Visitors welcome, have my own place to make you feel at home. Write: **DAVE**

CONNECTICUT

(L-4/91) CONNECTICUT/MASSACHUSETTS: GWM, 58, 5'-10", brown hair, greenish/hazel eyes, 180# and very well hung. Looking for senior who likes to cuddle with plenty of oral loving. If you resemble RAM artistry somewhat and enjoy slow, sensuous touching all over, please write: Horned Toad, P.O. Box 380601, East Hartford, CT 06138-0601 or phone (203) 569-3417, anytime.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(S-12/90) NEW IN D.C. FROM MONTANA ROCKIES: GWM, 41, 5'-5", average uncut endowment, black crewcut hair, dark brown eyes, moustache, husky, muscular, smooth body. If you are tall, hairy, attractive, hung (big balls a plus) and have a big ass, write me. But all of the aforementioned is not law if you are a masculine male of integrity, dignity and self-respect. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: **ABE**

FLORIDA

(B-2/91) CENTRAL FLORIDA-U.S. 27/441: Couple, 67, 6'-1", 155# and 65, 5'-7", 140#. Singles or couples, 35+ for friendship and/or sex on one to one basis welcome to our home, located 8 miles north of Leesburg, 23 miles south of Ocala. No drugs, S & M, freeloaders or collect calls. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32159, or call (904) 753-2857.

(D-12/90) See Ohio

(S-2/91) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 33, looking for porn videos that feature older men, 60+. Willing to pay for a copy of your favorite tape(s). Perhaps you're willing to trade, or know who may own one. In any event, write me with whatever is on your mind to: David, P.O. Box 1782, Delray Beach, FL 33447-1782.

(F-12/90) GRIZZLY CUB: 40, 6'-3", 240#, masculine, professional, intelligent, sexual. Likes adventure, travel, arts, conversation and bedtime. Hunting for dominant, beefy, daddy bear, 45-65, with similar interests for bare fun and hibernation (hairy/balding/facial hair a plus). Only responses with photo and phone. Write: **GRIZZLY CUB**

(J-12/90) SARASOTA: "Just because there's snow on the roof . . . " But hurry. Need full-time love ASAP. 64, chubby, smooth Teddybear. AC/DC and UHF. If nobody wants: It's the bridge. Ted, 238 Robin Dr., Sarasota, FL 34236.

(F-12/90) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 43, 6', 180#, thick 6-1/2" cut, sandy blond/blue, athletic body, attractive, own waterfront home, cultered, educated, honest, mature, romantic, affectionate, friendly, sexy. Varied interest. Seeks professional gentleman, 55+, healthy, refined, distinguished, masculine, who likes to cuddle, 69, French A/P, travel for warm intimate friendship or more. Pluses: Nonsmoker, hairy, endowed. Photo appreciated. Write: Spot, P.O. Box 5394, Largo, FL 34649.

D-4/91) FLORIDA /NATIONWIDE: GWM, 65, 6'-1", 205#, hairy, healthy, muscular, seeks macho type over 50, for monogamous relationship. Enjoy sports, boats, beach, music,

travel, love. Financially sound. Own property. Willing to share or move. Write: Tom Dolson, 2900 NE 30th St., Apt. 2J, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33306.

(S-12/90) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE, HANDSOME UNCUT JOCK, SEEKS COACH/DAD: Want to scrimmage with mature big bull. Me: GWM, 38, 6', 205#, hairy/big thighs & butt. You: 45-65, muscular, rugged, assertive and fun loving. I have wide range of interests and am safe, clean cut, intelligent, sincere. Friendship penpals, good sex or possible relationship. Can travel some. Photo appreciated. Write: **HARDBALL**

GEORGIA

(S-6/91) YOUNGER THE BETTER (over 21): GWM, 60, 5'-6 1/2", 215#, seeks lover of gray haired, loveable, cuddly chubby. I love all races but prefer young, slim, sexy, affectionate Asian, Black, Latin. Gentle sex only. Travel anywhere extensively. Send photo. Write: **FPS**

(P-2/91) DADDY WANTED: GWM, 37, 5'-7", 240#, looking for affectionate daddy 50 to ? Hairy, chunky/stocky, uncut, balding, are all plusses, but interested in all daddies. I am a professional/executive, independent, stable, and happy. I am Atlanta based but travel throughout the southeast and greater NYC area. Interested in correspondence and meeting men who like life, theater, classical music/opera, art, good wine and friendship. I like all types of sex with right daddy, especially pleasing you! I am also interested in purchasing video tapes featuring men similar to the above description. Write: Kim, P.O. Box 15, Clarkston, GA 30021.

(C-2/91) 54-YEAR-OLD GWM-ATLANTA/NATIONWIDE: Looking for BIG men with BIG equipmnent, penpals, photo/video exchange (homemade only). Like to entertain, skinny dip in the pool and nude sunbathe. Come on down and put a little South in your mouth, y'all. Write: Sam, P.O. Box 2523, Forest Park, GA 30051.

IDAHO

(C-2/91) YOUNG MAN LOOKING FOR OLDER MEN: I'm 27, 6'-1", 170#, HIV negative and have been known to turn more than a few heads. Would like to establish contact with men across the country. Meeting possible. If you're masculine, sincere and down-to-earth, let me hear from you. Will respond to all. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: Joel, P.O. Box 7081, Boise, ID 83707.

ILLINOIS

(O-4/91) HEAVY OLDER MEN: GWM, 48, 5'-8", 140#, brown/blond hair, blue eyes, 6" cut, looking for men over 50, 250#+ and well endowed. Write: JNO, 2238, N. Lakewood, IL 60614.

(C-6/91) CHICAGO: West suburban artist seeks older gentlemen, any size, to model in the comfort of their own home. Photo/phone appreciated, but not necessary. Write: **DARKCHILDE**

(P-8/91) CHICAGO DAD SEEKS SON: GWM, 56, 5'-10", 155#, greying, moustache, professional, seeks son/lover relationship. No drugs, nonsmoker preferred--self supporting, to share bed with right person, cuddle, safe sex, J/O, video, travel. Blacks a plus. Sincere only. Send photo, phone number to: **EAGLE**

INDIANA

(L-12/90) INDIANAPOLIS COUPLE SEEKS SON: We are mid-fifties, over 6 ft. tall, professional couple seeking son under 30 to share life's pleasures. Height and weight in proportion. No drugs, non-smoker, safe sex. Write and tell us about yourself and your desires for future. Photo a help. All answered. Write: Alan, Box 1261, Indianapolis, IN 46206.

KANSAS

(A-2/91) SOUTHWEST U.S./NATIONWIDE: Healthy GWM, 65, 5'-8", 185#, retired, looking for friendship/relationship or whatever else is mutually agreeable. Age no problem. I am from a rural community with rural values. I hope you will write with photo if possible.

KENTUCKY

(W-12/90) KENTUCKY SENIOR: GWM, 73, 5'-11", 170#, 6" cut. Oral specialist with all that implies. No hang ups. Free to travel. Write or call: Jim Wilson, P.O. Box 1767, Lexington, KY 40593. (606) 272-7193.

LOUISIANA

(H-12/90) LOUISIANA/NATIONWIDE: GBM, 44, 5'-10", 220#, brown eyes, salt/pepper hair, kind, serious, romantic gentleman seeking companion, friend, pen-pals, 25 to 69 to share life with. Any race, no smoke, no drugs. Write: "Ly-LEH," P.O. Box 144, Evergreen, LA 71333.

MARYLAND

(W-2/91) MARYLAND/NATIONWIDE: Seeking younger men, 30-45, who are healthy, masculine, mature, honest, and who like warm, nude cuddling and kissing, French A/P. Am GWM, 58, 6', 215#. Like light classical and pop, videos, gardening, sports, reading, swimming. Photo appreciated. Write: Don, Box 443, Westminster, MD 21157.

NEW JERSEY

(G-12/90) MASCULINE SUBMISSIVE: BiWM, 5'-11", 165#, 61-year-old, athletic, dark brown/balding. Very affectionate, intelligent, loyal friend. Wide range of interests: cultural, scientific, spiritual, intellectual, sexual, psycho-sexual. HIV negative, Greek/P. Into mind control. Ken - (201) 592-6690 evenings or weekends.

(L-8/91) ATLANTIC CITY/NATIONWIDE: Chinese, 35, senior admirer, would like to make friends with discreet people and welcomes CR readers over 50 to stay over. Close to A.C. Airport, convenient to Philadelphia, New York. Pool, whirlpool, massage. No obligation. Write in advance, photo if possible. D.L., P.O. Box 298, Mays Landing, NJ 08330.

(L-4/92) VIDEOS BY SENIORS: Quality collection of people, 50+, in action. Amateur, SWAN made, lots of choices. Write for Information to: Collector, P.O. Box 121, Cologne, NJ 08213-0121.

NEW YORK

(D-2/91) SEEK 40+ TOPMAN: 42 year old Italian bottom, hairy, moustache, 185#, 5'-11", looking to please masculine older topman with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO.**

(H-4/91) WESTERN NEW YORKER: GWM, 47, 5'-10", 185#, brown hair, beard, moustache seeks muscular dude with large beer belly, massive thighs. I enjoy body contact, massages, light workouts, pigging out. No drugs. Write: Rick, P.O. Box 833, Buffalo, NY 14231-0833.

(C-12/90) ARE YOU OVER 55? Masculine W/M, 40, 6'-1", trim, hairy, clean shaven, short dark hair, non-smoker, non-promiscuous, health conscious, genuinely attracted to older men, seeks affectionate and caring gentleman over 55 (no upper limit) for sincere friendship, hopefully leading to permanent, monogamous relationship. Am loving, sensitive, loyal, outgoing and want to share my life with a self-respectful and dignified man. Any area. Would relocate. All detailed letters with photo answered. Photo essential. Please write: Jack, Box 591, 208 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022.

(B-12/90) NEW YORK/LONG ISLAND: GWM, 62, 6'-0", 175#, 6" cut, grey hair, professional, own home, sincere, masculine. Enjoy beaches, travel, quiet evenings. Seeks clean-shaven, athletic, masculine, HIV negative, 30-45 for friendship, possible relationship. No smoking or drugs. Hung a plus. Photo appreciated. Telephone (516) 587-0549 or write: J. Byrns, 55 W. Islip Rd., West Islip, NY 11795.

(D-4/91) WHERE'S THE PORK? Beefy Daddy, 52, 5'-9", 245#, hairy, masculine, sexually versatile, seeks heavy-set guys, any age, the fatter the better, for fun and relaxed times. Photo/phone to: Nick Dean, Box 581, New York, NY 10156.

(D-2/91) NEWLY COMER: FILIPINO, 30, 5'-4", 130#: single, dark hair, brown eyes, seeks close relationship or whatever. Prefer 50+ Caucasian, not less than 150#. I am health conscious, affectionate and fun to be with. Let me get to know you. Photo appreciated. Write: **ADVENTURER**

(M-4/91) WNY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 44, 5'-7", 185# (solid), French A/P, Greek A, 8" X 6-1/4" uncut. Would like to hear from (meet) older men, any size. Please send nude photo, if possible. Write: Roger Maynard, 2854 Marshall Road, Medina, NY 14103.

(P-4/91) OLDER CHUBBY W/M WITH LARGE NIPPLES AND TITS? W/M, masculine, 40, seeks attractive Sumo type W/M. If you like a soft velvet-like tongue working on those nice nipples, send photo of yourself with detailed description. Write: Semini, Executive Suite, Box 123, 330 W. 42nd St., New York, NY 10036.

(S-4/91) NEW YORK CITY/NJ/CONN/MASS: GWM, 46, 5'-10", 160#, honest, masculine, outgoing, single, good sense of homor. Enjoy country weekends. Love the outdoors, animals, birds. Seeking long-term, monogamous relationship with sincere, honest, 50-65, 5'-9" or taller, single gentleman. I'm sexually open minded with the right significant other, and generally attracted to the types portrayed in the artwork of RAM and KOALA in CR, occasionally liking someone less husky, but not thin. I'd enjoy meeting you for drinks or dinner, leading to whatever, if mutual interest develops. Phone and discreet photo appreciated. Write: **BART**

(G-12/90) NATIONWIDE: Attractive Latin, 35, 5'-10", 185#, bottom, S.S., masculine-appearing, clean-shaven, smooth, intelligent, kind, caring, affectionate. Seeks friend, 45-? Prefer chubbies, clean-shaven, but personality more important than looks. Can host. Photo appreciated. Write: A.F.G., P.O. Box 7395, New York, NY 10163-6029.

NORTH DAKOTA

(H-12/90) NORTH DAK/SOUTHWEST/NATIONWIDE: Let's meet and mate. GWM, 57, 6'-1", 210#, white, balding, HIV negative. University professor. Retiring in 5 years, moving to Southwest. Looking for relationship. Seeking mate, 35-60, who loves life, sex, A/P French, Greek active. Should not smoke or take drugs. Write: John, 1415 W. Gateway #9, Fargo, ND 58103.

OHIO

(S-12/90) CLEVELAND/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 41, 5'-4", 185#, seeking attractive men, 21-49. I enjoy music, movies, travel, nature and sex. I'm sincere, discreet, caring, passionate, romatic and loving. Photo desired with replies. Prefer hairless, well-built men. Write: H.P.S., P.O. Box 99306, Cleveland, OH 44199.

(W-12/90) INEXPERIENCED IN COLUMBUS: GWM, 71, 5'-8-1/2", 150#, mostly smooth (damn!), somewhat shy, still closeted. You: non-smoker/non-drinker. Age, size, endowment, race, ethnic background not important, but body hair is. Ideally, it must be dense, long, front, back, sides from lower neck, showing above collar, to fingers, toes. No anal sex, oral possibly. Turn-ons: from watching videos, cuddling, kissing, licking, nipple play, frottage. Want to run my fingers, tongue, nose through all that hair, including armpits, have lots of fun in bed. Pluses: large, protruding nipples, outie navel, dark complexion, moderate to heavy sweating. Curious about WS (not drinking). Photo appreciated. Write: **LATE STARTER**

(H-12/90) SOUTHERN OHIO SEEKS LOVER: GWM, 44, 215#, 5'-10", brown/grey/balding, no drugs, seeks serious, honest, loving, monogamous relationship with a man, 40 to 50. My interests are: soft rock/country music, disco/country dancing. Love kissing, cuddling, exploring a man's body, looking for a man who *really* knows how to make love and make a man feel

[continued on page 43]

SAM II is a 47-year-old water color artist of Japanese descent. He paints flowers, landscapes and animals. Until CHIRON RISING, he painted chubby nudes just for himself.

like a man feel like a man. Locals preferred, but will answer all. Write: **CHUCK**

(R-12/90) FOR SALE: 15 videos, all gay but two. Most 3 hours. Best offer. Very good condition. Write: F.R., P.O. Box 14, Dalton, OH 44618, or call (216) 828-8815.

(B-12/90) TRY ME: If you're a GWM, lean of body, clear of mind, well-endowed and looking for a mature, loving, lasting, sharing and monogamous bonding. If you're secure in your career, but lacking that special person in your life. If you feel a person with these qualities, but one, might answer your quest--post me an introductory letter/photo. I'm 60+. Write: **MATE SEEKER.**

OREGON

(D-6/91) TRAVELING THRU OREGON? WRITE AHEAD; GOOD TIMES ASSURED: 52, healthy, masculine, affectionate, horny, non-smoking, stocky-framed, hairy-chested, clean-shaven, professional and clean, seeks younger, sensual, virile man who prefers my type. Have indoor hot tub. Enclose photo and write to: Sandy, P.O. Box 775, Portland, OR 97207, or call (503) 223-1679.

(E-12/90) OREGON: 45, British WM seeks 60-80+, stocky to super chub, for simple loving relationship. Willing to relocate for Mr. Right. Photo please. Write to: **GERONTOPHYLE**

(B-12/90) SOUTHWEST OREGON: GWM, 60, 5'-10", 200#, needs a faithful and honest, retired, heavy-set, senior citizen for permanent live-in. Non-drinkers, please. Photo requested. Write: **MEADOWLARK**

PENNSYLVANIA

(C-4/91) S.E. PHILADELPHIA & JERSEY SHORE: GWM, 57, hairless body and hung, would like to meet gay males 60 to ? for friendship. Cannot get into relationship at this time. Am Fr-A/P, HIV negative. Love to kiss, cuddle and give oral service. Hairy bodies a plus, but not necessary. Photo exchange. Pen pals welcome. Write: Eagle, P.O. box 421, Collingdale, PA 19023.

(K-4/91) PENNSYLVANIA: GWM couple (43 & 59), want to meet mature couples for friendship. Enjoy nudity, skinny-dipping in our private pool and hot tub, videos, good food & drink. Ches-Mont area. Write: **GREENWING**

RHODE ISLAND

(J-2/91) SHORT FAT: Sumo types over 250#, cum to Providence and get a rim for your spare tire. Send photo to: Richard C. Judge, 460 Charles St., Apt. 1011, Providence, RI 02904.

SOUTH CAROLINA

(R-12/90) HAIRY TEDDY BEAR: GWM, 63, 5'-7", 260#, clean-shaven, retired professional enjoys travel, PBS-TV, Florida. Seeks new friends, 30 up, for mutual good times. You: enjoy laughter, snuggling, kissing, J/O, F A/P, neat, discreet, no drugs, health conscious. Exchange photo. Write: Bulldog, P.O. Box 1663, Camden, SC 29020.

(M-12/90) VIDEO TAPES: Seek video tapes of older men. Will trade original of "Never Too Old" for copy or original of "Centaur Six" or "Triplex." Write: C.F.M., P.O. Box 5182, North Charleston, SC 29406.

TEXAS

(G-2/91) HOUSTON, TEXAS: GWM, 47, 5'-8", 145#, smoker, non-drinker, easy-going, articulate, cuddly, *luvable*, seeking similar or older for sex partner/caring, intimate relationship. Write: J.G., 7211 Ilex St., Houston, TX 77012.

(I-2/91) YOUNG IN EAST TEXAS: Writer/ professional GWM, 29 years, single, trim, dark hair and eyes, 5'-7", 155#, loves country/western and rock, non-smoker, social drinker, HIV negative; seeks older, hairy man 40+ of the REBEL II type (but all inquiries welcome). Drop me a line and we'll see what cums up. But! Sex is secondary, emotions first. Write: **ROYCE.**

(B-8/91) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 44, stocky, nice looking, Seek French A/P or J/O with masculine men, late 50s up--no limit! Especially like white hair and/or moustaches and beards. HIV negative. Photo appreciated. Write: J. Bennett, P.O. Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

(H-2/91) CAFE AU LAIT: GBM, 49, 5'-9", 195#, brown/brown, French A/P, Greek A. Desire intimate, sensual love-making. Well-read with diverse sports, cultural and musical interests. Travel south central U.S. Seek compatible guy(s) over 40. Grey/white-haired? Chunky? Balding? I'm your guy! Write: Strac, 9505 Brockbank Drive #4208, Dallas, TX 75220.

(R-12/90) WORLDWIDE: Healthy, Bi/W/M, youthful 68, masculine top, 5'-9", 175#, handsome, social, educated, cultured, artistic, successful businessman, a gentleman, seeks life-mate with integrity, nonsmoker, younger, swimmer's build, hairless, sweet, educible, passionate preferred. Write: Epicure, P.O. Box 190665, Dallas, TX 75219.

VIRGINIA

(Z-12/90) FALLS CHURCH: GWM, 79, 6 ft., 185#, blond, moustache, smooth skin, uncut, nudist, healthy, non-smoker, no drugs, non-drinker, French A/P, not talkative, homebody. Seeks manly, considerate, affectionate, loving man (white or color) of similar height, weight, square-jawed, hairy or not. Write: **ZEJ**

(W-2/91) METRO D.C./NATIONWIDE: Big brother seeks little brothers. GWM, new to DC, shy, horny, healthy, attractive, 41, 6'-1", 235#, br/bl, Greek/P (safety precautions). Versatile, love toys, cuddling, videos, long, hot sessions, quiet romantic times. Seeking oversexed GWMs under 40 for hot times. Hairy and extra hung pluses. Send phone/photo (if available) to Dick, P.O. Box 8025, Alexandria, VA 22306-8025.

(G-2/91) ARLINGTON, VA BOTTOM MAN: Bearded, 5'-7", 135#, 50, with smooth, very lean, hot body, tight ass, cut 7", former leatherman with hungry mouth and tongue, dirty talk and kinky mind. Wants bearded, very hairy and muscular, aggressive top man to ride me long and hard. Call Rich (703) 931-9205.

WASHINGTON

(H-12/90) PACIFIC NORTHWEST/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 65, 5'-10", 200#, masculine, blond/grey hair, hazel eyes, clean-cut, attractive, sincere, honest, secure and very sexy, looking for a younger version for one to one relationship. Enjoys camping, hiking, nature, dining out, friends, laughter, and many other things. Seeks friendship/relationship with masculine, romantic who loves to cuddle and will consider relocating. With the right man, I'm flexible and into anything, except no pain. Photo gets mine. All answered. Write to: Layton House, 110 N.W. 94th St., Vancouver, WA 98665, or call (206) 573-8832. Joe Hommel

(R-12/90) WASHINGTON STATE: Masculine WM, 34, 6', 185#, blond/blue, very passionate, love to cuddle. Seeks clean-shaven, masculine WM, 50-70. Rod Taylor or ZIPPER types a plus. Write and send photo to: D.S.R., P.O. Box 481, Tacoma, WA 98401.

(B-2/91) SEATTLE AREA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 50, 5'-10", 190#, husky, friendly, amorous, would like to share some of the finer things in life--my couch, my bed, my cock--with a man of similar attributes, 40-60. NATIONWIDE: Send a letter describing your sexual experiences, real or imagined, including a nude photograph of yourself. I'll reciprocate with nude photo/story. Write: John Breadstill, 1605 - 12th Avenue, Studio 30, Seattle, WA 98122. Or call: (206) 322-3820.

(L-2/91) LONESOME, CARING PERSON: I'm over 60, in good health, looking for someone to love, care for. Seek someone who will travel and live with me in the Northwest. I'm blond, blue eyes, 5'-7", 190#, hairy and love sex. If you're 35 or younger, please send photo and letter and I'll answer. Write: **BUD**

(L-12/90) NORTHWEST BIG BEARS WANTED: Sincere, caring GWM, 6', 185#, 40s, would like to meet GWM, 21-?, chubby, who's tired of mind games and B.S. and would enjoy a sincere relationship with an honest chaser. Cock size not important; personality and sense of humor a big plus. Phone number with reply would be appreciated. Discretion assured and expected. Sincere only need reply. No games played here. Write: **THE ACADIAN**

INTERNATIONAL

(J-2/91) VANCOUVER, BC: Retired, 65, 6'-2", 180#, grey hair and moustache, sexually enthusiastic, would like to correspond with and eventually meet other mature, heavy-set guys. I enjoy travelling, bridge and opera. Write: Hirondelle, Suite 480 - 1755 Robson, Vancouver, BC, V6G 3B7, CANADA. (30 cents postage required from U.S.)

(F-6/91) FRANKIE BEARMANIAC AND HE-BIG-MAN: totally welcome bears from anywhere. We offer you food and bed, south of Brussels, Belgium. We can't wait to meet you. Love. Write: **FRANKIE BEARMANIAC** (45 cents postage required from U.S.)

(L-12/90) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN TRANSPLANTED TO ESPAÑA: GWM, 45, 195#, 5'-8", seeks same to share my excellent adventure. If you're considerateand affectionate with a good sense of humor (stocky and hairy a plus), drop me a line. Friendship is first step. I enjoy sports, theatre, spontaneity and adventure, looking for Mr. Almost Right. Picture gets a picture. Write: **BULLDAWG** (25 cents postage required)

(G-12/90) FRENCHMAN: 27, 5'-5", 144#, seeks a Bigman for friendship or more. 300# minimum required. Write with photos: Sergio Gardel, C/Contracalle, 18, 20300, Irun, Spain, or telephone (France) (01133) 53416115. (45 cents postage required from U.S.)

(V-2/91) BELGIUM: Couple, 61 (model THE GARDENER) and 37, are looking for sincere, masculine friends worldwide, singles or couples. Correspond initially, then photo-exchange and later visit. Will answer all, no age limitation. Personality is the most important factor. All CR readers wanting to visit Europe, please write to Andre Maertens, Zandstraat 557, 8200 Brugge, BELGIUM.

LATE ARRIVING AD

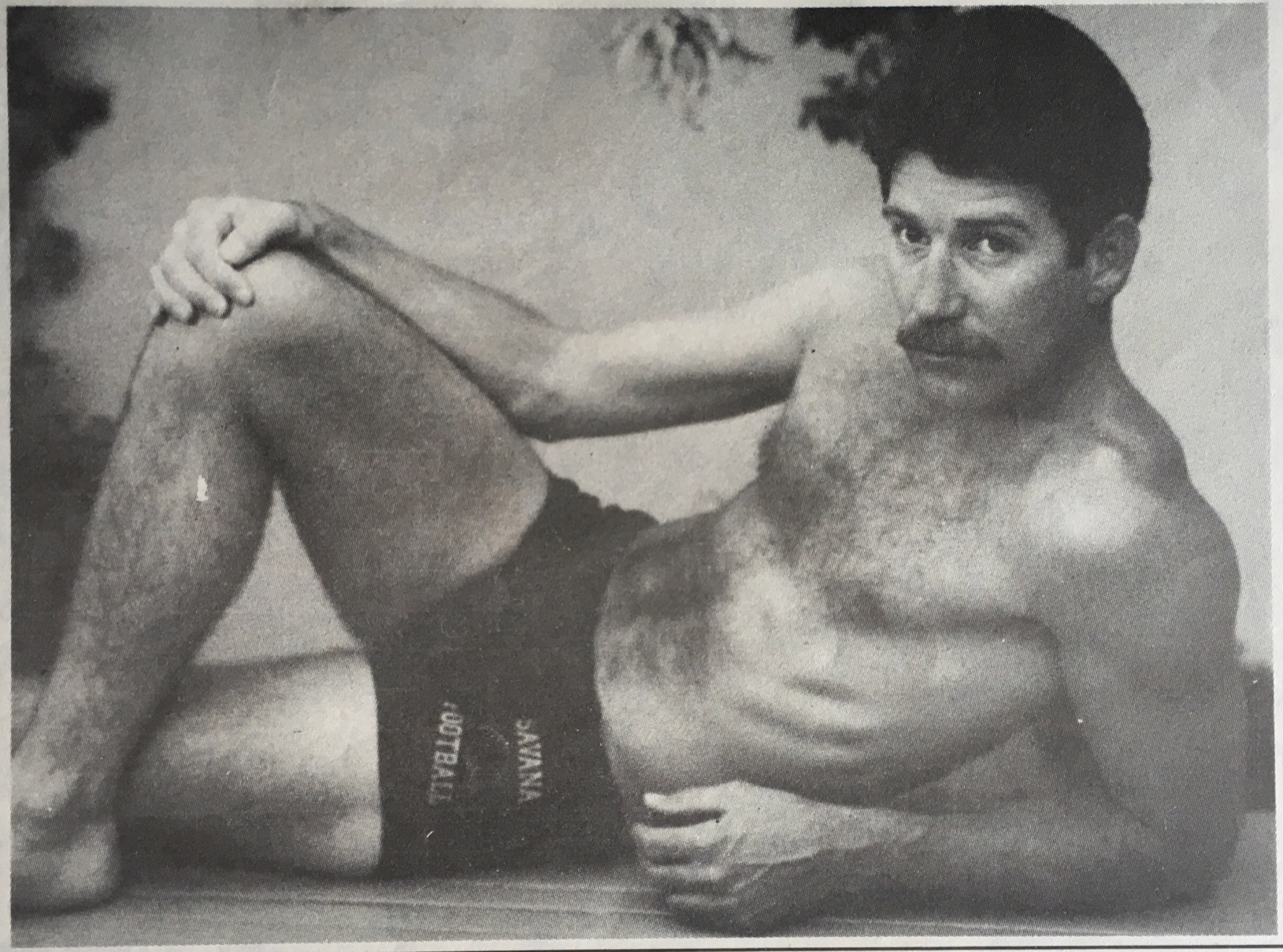
(H-12/90) WANTED: MR. BELVEDERE TYPE: to help take care of big household in the Pittsburgh area. Owner having knee problems. Must be dog lover who can help out in return for room and board, plus some cash. Write: Bill, Jr., P.O. Box 592, New Kinsington, PA 15068.

(P-12/90) MIDWESTERNER SON SEEKS "RAM" TYPE DADDY: Kansas born and bred, 30 something, masculine, sexy, hot, quiet, submissive, healthy, deep-throat, hot buns/nipples: seeks healthy, hot, aggressive Daddy-Grandpa, Colonel/Biker type, grey-white-bald, hairy-husky, dominant or versatile, to pamper-serve-cuddle-obey. Can visit California September/October. Want to relocate in future for long term. Calif. or sunbelt preferred, but all considered, answered if right type. Photo please: Artie, P.O. Box 661, Topeka, KS 66601.

CR STILL SEEKS NUMBER THREE

We are still seeking a retired and/or financially secure, non-smoking companion to join us at Casa de Luna. In return for assisting with household chores, house/dog sitting, gardening, CR errands and some clerical duties, we offer full room and board, along with an adventure of a lifetime. Looking for someone with good common sense, good health, adequate medical insurance, a pleasant disposition and the ability to work well with hands. Race, age, net worth, size, ethnic background, sexual attractiveness/preferences, etc, not important. Include brief history, profile, photo and two references.

CAMERA MAN . . . photo by ART

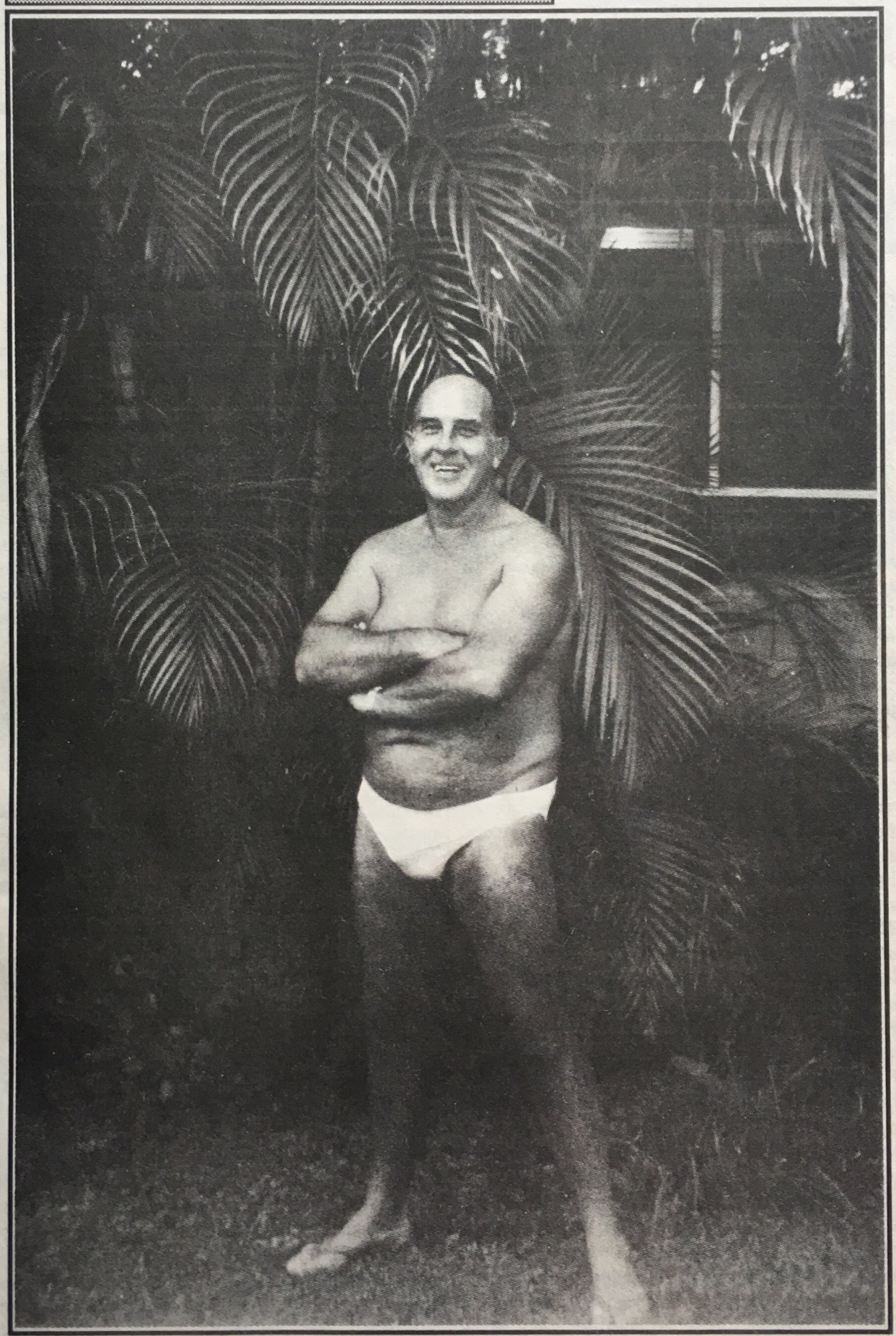


This 31-year-old, 6', 170# jock is attracted exclusively to men, 45 or older. He's a professional photographer, lives in Southern California and loves sports and music. He's athletic and attracted to masculine men.

SANDY . . . photo by SCOTTIE-BEAR

SANDY is 52 and hails from Oregon. This stocky guy loves travel, the beach, jazz, Broadway tunes, photography, theatre, movies and good conversation. He especially enjoys affectionate/hot/horny men who enjoy exhibitionism and posing in jock straps and sexy underwear.

RAY W. . . . photo by KEN



Originally from London, this 50-year-old now lives in Australia. He's interested in gardening, music, films, video and meeting people of all ages, races and colors. He'd like to correspond with all who are planning on an Australian visit.

DON'T LOOK BACK . . .
by JASON P. WILLIAMS . . . AKA JOHN W. PEEBLES

DUBIOUSLY DOUBTING OUTING

In your long, checkered career as a gay man, did somebody either by accident, or by design, tell your employer, your family or your friends that you were gay without your permission? Then you know what it feels like to be "outed." It happened to me this summer and in a national magazine! I confess they did get my permission, so the trauma was not unexpected, but I still suffered some tremors in my soul.

"Outing" is the term that has been coined for the current phenomenon in gay life of bringing public figures out of the closet against their will, sometimes kicking and screaming. The more radical groups, like ActUp, have targeted columnists, entertainers, politicians, designers, athletes and especially publishers and movie producers who are gay but are publicly homophobic. The procedure has caused a great deal of controversy within the gay community and, probably, extreme angst in those targeted.

This will not be news to you if you live in New York but, in 1989, a new magazine was started called OUTWEEK. Since it was a literate alternative to The ADVOCATE and The NEW YORK NATIVE, it quickly caught on and became a "must read" for the gay cognoscente of New York.

OUTWEEK took center stage in April of 1990 when, immediately after his death, they "outed" Malcolm Forbes, the venerable publisher of FORBES Magazine. They haven't stuck with the newly-dead, however, and they've put the screws to some mighty popular people, like gossip columnist Liz Smith for instance. Poor Liz is shaking in her sturdy, alleged lesbian boots even as we speak. Suddenly OUTWEEK itself is national news. Suddenly their features editor, Michelangelo Signorili, is being interviewed on national television and his phone hasn't stopped ringing ever since. "Outing" hasn't hurt OUTWEEK's circulation either.

I was, and still am, ambivalent about "outing" and its consequences.

Then it happened to me. In OUTWEEK Magazine too, and just when national attention is being paid! A few months ago I wrote an article for OUTWEEK about a gay group in New York and a few days before publication, Mr. Signorili called me, ostensibly about the illustrations for the article, but in reality what he wanted was for me to abandon my pseudonym. I cavalierly gave him permission, but after we hung up, the misgivings set in. I rationalized my feelings by saying that I had worked hard to establish "Jason Williams" as a name to be reckoned with in gay-oriented literature and I didn't want to start over with another name, even the real one. But then I thought, maybe all these years I really have been hiding behind an alias. Hum, well, I've *sort of* been hiding, I suppose. I've been out to my family for a century or so, although they seem to erase it from their memories and I have to remind them again about once every five years. I go in and out of the closet depending on the job I'm currently holding. However, I've never denied being gay, when asked, on or off the job. I'm of the ilk that doesn't make a point of telling the world on every social occasion and in every professional situation. I never intended, and do not intend, to be a "professional" homosexual as I feel one's sexuality should not rule one's existence, gay or straight.

And there's the rub. When you've been "outed" you stay "outed." It's something you don't have to remind anybody of five years later. I'm still not sure whether or not I feel good about it. I'd like to think the article was written well enough to allay my fears that the fact of my name being attached to it is more important to some people than the content of the article itself. That would be a true bummer.

And another thing: Is it my imagination, or is my name almost quadruple the size of the bylines of all the other writers? Big, booming letters. They may even be written in fire. Looks ominous to me.

***

[Dear Jason: I like your column a lot, even though you do get silly sometimes. But I think you've been around a long time and are a pretty sensible guy. I have a problem that you might have an answer for. I've been dating a guy that I really love for about a year and a half. I think he loves me too and we are planning to move in together at the end of the year. The problem is that he is a smoker. I have asked him to quit because, in my old age (46), I have developed an allergy to cigarette smoke and ashes. My doctor says it will only get worse and I should try to make my life as smoke-free as possible since I have also developed an asthmatic condition. My friend promises he will quit "when he moves in" but he's been smoking for 25 years and hasn't been able to quit before although he has tried many times. I really love him but I'm afraid the smoking problem will kill it if he can't quit. Any advice? Jack, Columbus, Ohio.]

Dear Jack (and everybody else who seems to have mistaken this column for Dear Abby): You have misconstrued my position here at dear old CR. I just fart around with words and random thoughts; I'm not qualified to help you with your problems or give sage, unbiased advice. However *your* letter, Jack, hit home, so I thought I'd give you an answer. First of all, thank you for liking my column, fuck you for thinking it's sometimes silly, thank you for thinking I'm a sensible guy, and fuck you for thinking that 46 is "old age."

In my admittedly biased, unqualified, un-sage opinion, you should bag the idea of living with your lover. Sorry I can't be more encouraging. Nicotine is an addiction and cannot be cured any more than addiction to alcohol or drugs can be cured. Dependency can only be controlled by complete abstinence, and it is a rest-of-your-life struggle. If he hasn't been able to quit so far, it's doubtful the strength of *your* love can accomplish it either. Your lover's smoking might not kill your love but there is one chance in 16 that it will kill your lover. And, according to the latest scientific studies of second-hand smoke, it could very well kill you too, especially if you are asthmatically susceptible. You *must* take care of your own health. Sadly, your friend won't understand your rejection and why you won't believe his promises to quit, but he will be secretly relieved that he can keep

smoking. He will, however, blame you for "not helping." Whatever you do, you will be in the wrong. Alas, that's how addicts think.

***

To the other advice seekers, Don and R.J.: Don, find a photographer, preferably a friend with a decent camera. Forget Polaroids and those three-for-a-dollar machines at the bus depot and send the photos to the editor (not to me). R.J., either move out or work it out with your mother (not me). To David, Sal and Anne: You're very sweet to write, David, and yes we are truly soul mates. Sal, this column is not a sex ad in spite of the exceptionally flattering photo accompanying it. And fuck you too, Anna Banana. This magazine is for older gay men, not straight, weird women.

***

The Affiliated Bigmen's Club's convention in Chicago over the Labor Day weekend was a resounding success. I touted this gathering, called "Convergence '90" in the August issue of CR and it was most gratifying to be approached by a number of men at the convention who said they attended because of my coverage and thanked me for the information. The chaps in Chicago did a bang-up job hosting the convention this year and now the banner has been passed to the boys from Boston who will be luring us all to Beantown over Labor Day weekend in '91. It's not too early to plan on attending. You can get information by writing to Girth & Mirth/New England, P.O. Box 6041, Boston, MA 02209.

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TWO FROM JOHN McNEILL

Taking a Chance on God
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Now with new material on AIDS, gay and lesbian sexuality and McNeill's own struggle with the Catholic Church.

"A vintage work in the evolving history of the relationship between gay people and institutional Christianity. McNeill's book remains central to the story."–Malcolm Boyd, author of *Are You Running with Me, Jesus?*

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John J. McNeill was a Jesuit for nearly forty years before being expelled from the Society of Jesus in 1987 for his views on gay and lesbian sexuality. Since 1975 he has practiced psychotherapy in New York City.

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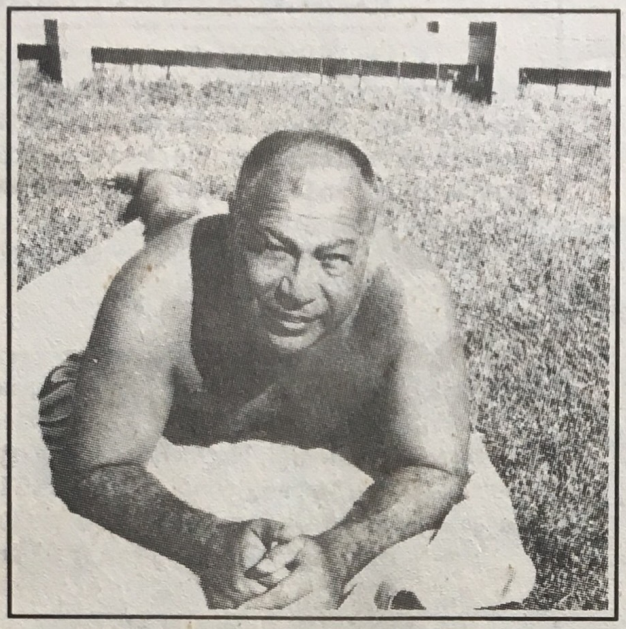
COACH BIGGS
BY QUETZAL
THE DAMN DOC SAID I WAS IN GRRREAT SHAPE, EXCEPT FOR ONE LITTLE THING: "A SLIGHT WEIGHT PROBLEM"!! HA! Cute. VERY CUTE!
BUT HE IS A DOCTOR, COACH!
WHAT HE DON'T UNDERSTAND IS, A MAN NEEDS SOME EXTRA POUNDS, IF HE'S GONNA BE DOING CONTACT SPORTS, LIKE, SAY, WRESTLING! OTHERWISE, HE GETS CREAMED! IT'S LIKE PROTECTION! TROUBLE IS, DOC DON'T REALIZE I CARRY IT AS MUSCLE, NOT FAT!!!!
WHO EXACTLY ARE YOU GOING TO WRESTLE? AND WHEN?
AHH, I DON'T HAVE TA LOSE TOO MUCH! FOUR 'R FIVE POUNDS'LL BE A SNAP TO DROP IN A WEEK! NO SWEAT!
GOD! WHAT A BOD!!
WELL, YOU DO TEACH "PHYSICAL EDUCATION," DON'T YOU?
TROUBLE IS, FIGURING WHAT TO CUT OUT— THE EXTRA PROTEIN SHAKES, OR THE SECOND HELPINGS OF ROAST BEEF!
HOW ABOUT THE CHEESECAKE, COACH?
QUETZAL 12/88

QUETZAL, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with his senior lover in West Hollywood. He's one of the most prolific artist/contributors we've ever had the pleasure of featuring and very devoted to our cause. COACH BIGGS is a new stand-alone series, replacing GOLDEN GOODIES.



KARL

PHOTOS BY
P.H. COLLEY

Having recently moved to Southern California from Florida, this green-eyed, 52-year-old former college football halfback is anxious to meet new friends. He's 5'-8", 185#, virile, masculine and a lover of Great Danes. He's especially looking for a mature, genuine top man for one hell of an experience.

THE POETRY OF PAUL NELSON

TRICK

I meet him at the door.

His trucker's smile
is slight, anticipates;
his eyes, lust-glazed,
scan me for the briefest moment
until I move
to engulf his bigness
in my arms.

His lips are full;
the hungry fluids
of his mouth
flow into mine—
a yearning stream
floating our tongues,
dodging and caressing
simultaneously.

Almost, at the door,
we have peaked,
have felt each other's hardness
and desire,
punctuated
with whispers, moans, wet messages.

Climbing the stairs,
he finds each step familiar,
a standard ritual,
familiar as the shedding
of
shirt, pants, shoes.
flushed-face
bald head
muscled paunch
flesh-hard,
he waits.

This passion giant,
who lies beside me,
prostrate,
aware,
initiates
the ritual again:
stimulus, response—
stimulus, response—
until the pattern
dissolves its intensity
in one great thrashing
shudder!

Thus,
He comes,
and goes.

[PAUL NELSON is a 63-year-old, Midwest school teacher. He's locally unattached and always looking for friends.]

PUBLICATION POLICY

CHIRON RISING offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artists and photographers to get exposure. Because we operate on a frugal budget, we can't pay cash for most creations. We can get you noticed by the right people, though, and we can pay you in other ways.

We seek works that hold the more mature man in a positive light. Works may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

—Cartoons.

—Short stories. We no longer accept standard, purely sexual fiction or "porn" with no redeeming social value. We do, however, accept unusual fiction in the genres of adventure, drama, comedy, horror, black comedy, fantasy, etc., the more erotic the better. Manuscripts must be less than 10 double spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration.

—Drawings, no larger than 8 X 10, unless invited.

—Poetry.

—Essays or articles on any subject of interest to the mature man and his admirers— same as short stories, except limited to 4 double spaced pages.

—Photographs (color or black & white)—full portrait, undisguised preferred, with good contrast and clarity. Will consider nude, clothed, erotic or otherwise. Releases required by those owning the publication rights.

Note: All subjects or characters depicted must be over 21 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia or bestiality will not be considered.

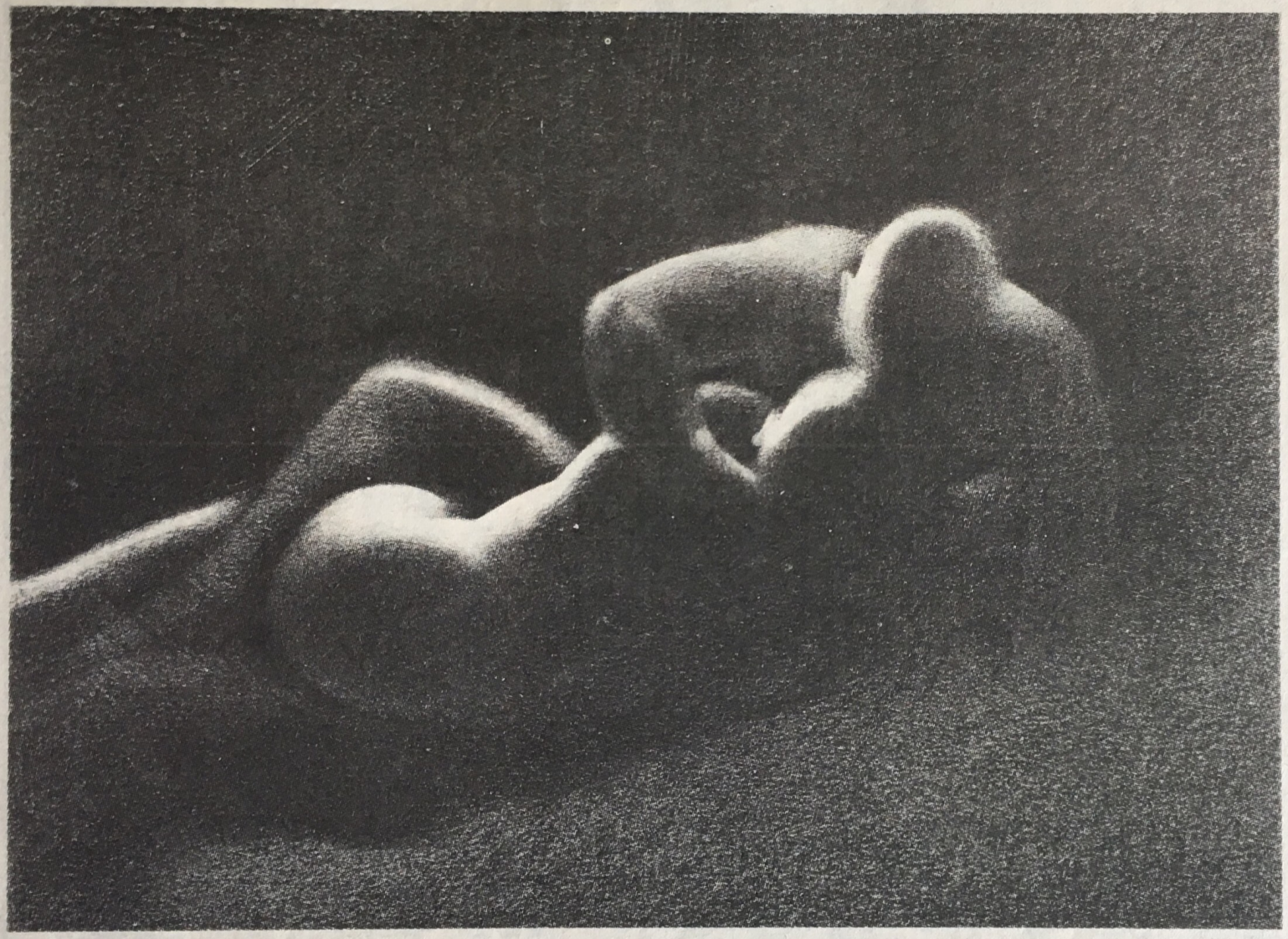
All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Payment will be made in CHIRON RISING copies, subscriptions or special issues as agreed to. Unsolicited manuscripts of short stories over 10 pages, novels, novellas, screen plays, plays or any other longer works will not be accepted without previous query.

SAMSON

Japan's celebrated magazine is now available to the rest of the world. The ultimate in photography and artwork for connoisseurs of big and older men. In Japanese, 275 pages. Published monthly. For our current issue, send 2,000 Japanese Yen or U.S. $14.00. Payment for one issue must be in cash only. For a 6 month subscription (6 issues), send 13,500 Japanese Yen in bank transfer or money order. For a 12 month subscription (12 issues, plus 1 free), send 24,000 Japanese Yen in bank transfer or money order.

All prices include air mail postage. Cash should be sent well disguised via registered mail. Payee should read KAIMEI-KAN. Send payment, along with name and address to: KAIMEI-KAN, Overseas Division, P.O. Box 66, Shitaya Post Office, Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91.

C O R N E L I U S



He's a highly evolved, 34-year-old portrait and fantasy artist living in Amsterdam with his chubby lover, aged 42.

THE CHIRON RISING SPECIAL ISSUES

BECAUSE NOT EVERYONE ENJOYS MORE GRAPHICALLY EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT, CR PUBLISHES TWO SPECIAL ISSUES PER YEAR AND OFFERS THEM TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AT A DISCOUNT FROM THE STREET PRICE. THOSE ISSUES STILL AVAILABLE ARE:

NOVEMBER 90 SPECIAL: 84 pages, including dazzling, uncensored photos—many in brilliant color—featuring ZIPPER, KORV, IRONWORKER, BULLFINCH, THE COLONEL, URSUS MINOR, BIG MAC, PISTOL and CYGNUS, along with some hot international models. Also featured are some of the most outrageous drawings ever published, including works by ABE, ROSCOE HARDIE, WOLF, BIG EDDIE, QUETZAL, COYOTE, JERYN and AARON. On top of all that, we add P.H. COLLEY's exciting new novel, SANCTUM.

Here's what other writers say about SANCTUM:

"**Sanctum** *is a realistic blend of fiction and erctica—a coming of age tale that combines one man's search for love with international intrigue. Not just another story from the gay-fiction genre,* **Sanctum** *touches on facets of life and growth that are relevant to anyone.* " **ROYCE**

"**Sanctum** *is a jolly fun, razzle-dazzle, mystery/suspense/adventure yarn with as many twists and turns as the Coast Highway. Colley's craftsmanship in braiding several intrigue tensions into one playful pig tail is irresistible. One can't let go without giving it a good yank, then the surprises fall out like candy from a piñata!"* **KENN RICHIE**

"**Sanctum** *is what we've all been waiting for: a unique tale about intelligent, butch, dangerous, MEN, who just happen to be cocksuckers. It gave me wet nightmares after I read it in one sitting. Pure, 190 proof Colley at his best.* ***XYLOPHANG***

"**Sanctum** *is good! Mr. Colley has chosen a genre that's right up my leisure-reading alley, that is, the spy/espionage thrillers of Ludlum, Le Carré and Cruz Smith. He has peopled his novel with unusual, interesting characters and a convoluted, red herring-filled plot, along with foreign intrigue, double agents, derring-do and double-crosses. Like the above authors, Colley gives us the C.I.A. (the good guys, maybe) and the K.G.B. (the bad guys, or are they?), but he goes one step further and gives us a healthy dose of big, fat C.O.C.K.! Which, I confess, is another important reason I liked* Sanctum. *Although the plot line is gripping in itself, taking us from Houston to the Arctic Circle to Moscow to Yugoslavia, the sexual tension is most gratifying and jack-off opportunities abound. But then what else could one expect from a smut-brain like Colley?"*
JASON P. WILLIAMS

"You're out of your mind, Patrick." **THE FRIAR**

Here's what readers are saying about the issue as a whole: *"I've never ever seen drawings like ABE's. This guy has to be a genius or completely mad. And Sanctum made me want to celebrate. Finally, a genre for just us! "* E. O. - Detroit. *"I thought models like ZIPPER, KORV and IRONWORKER existed only in my mind. I swear I fell into the pool at ZIPPER's feet, because I was all wet after I climaxed and came back to earth."* F. D. - New York. *"Bless you for remembering the older man who adores younger men. Those photos of CYGNUS and PISTOL bring me sheer ecstasy."* B. P. - Houston. *"Sanctum stunned me. If only it could be made into a movie. It would open up so many eyes about who we really are."* R. R. - Miami.

MAY 90 SPECIAL: 60 pages of sizzling rapture, featuring models CJ, WALT, SANDPIPER, BEER CAN THICK, BIG MAC, FARMER ED, BILL JR., LOU LOU, BUZZ, URSUS MINOR, MACK, BRUISER, SAM, JOHN WAYNE, JAY, ROSEBUD and BARNEY. Also presents outstanding fiction by STEPHEN JAMES, PUG SNIDER and JASON P. WILLIAMS, along with artwork by BIG EDDIE, BAIZA, BORDEN LEWIS, BURT, COYOTE, CORNELIUS, ABE and KENT JUSTICE. Also features some of the most electrifying work that RAM has ever done.

These special issues are not available to non-subscribers in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, Nebraska, South Carolina, Texas, Tennessee or Utah. Available to all readers in all other states. See form on page 55 for ordering. You MUST sign the release at the bottom of the form to receive your special issues. No exceptions.

ORDER FORM

PLEASE USE THIS FORM WHEN SUBSCRIBING, RENEWING OR ORDERING BACK ISSUES

SUBSCRIPTIONS	NORTH AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
6 months (3 bi-monthly issues), starting with _____.	$ 18.98	$ 26.00
1 year (6 bi-monthly issues), starting with _____.	34.55	50.00
2 year (12 bi-monthly issues),starting with _____.	62.00	96.00

Is this a renewal? Yes____ No____

	NORTH AMERICA		ELSEWHERE *	
BACK ISSUES	SUB	NON-SUB	SUB	NON-SUB
SWAN August 88	$ 2.00	$ 4.00	$ 5.00	$ 7.00
SWAN December 88	2.00	4.00	5.00	7.00
CHIRON RISING Jun 89	2.00	4.00	5.00	7.00
CHIRON RISING Aug 89	2.00	4.00	5.00	7.00
CHIRON RISING Oct 89	2.00	4.00	5.00	7.00
CHIRON RISING Dec 89	3.00	5.00	6.00	8.00
CHIRON RISING Feb 90	3.00	5.00	6.00	8.00
CHIRON RISING Apr 90	3.00	5.00	6.00	**
CHIRON RISING June 90	3.00	5.00	6.00	**
CHIRON RISING Aug 90	3.00	5.00	6.00	**
CHIRON RISING Oct 90	6.00	8.00	9.00	**
SPECIAL ISSUE				
MAY 90 SPECIAL ISSUE	8.00	10.00	11.00	**
NOVEMBER 90 SPECIAL ISSUE	11.99	12.99	13.99	**

* For Japan, add $2 to each back issue and special issue price. Because of risk of confiscation, we now ship to Japan via Air Mail Correspondence rate, which is more expensive than our usual Air Mail Printed Matter rate.

** Available only through Acolyte Press Distribution, P.O. Box 12731, NL 1100 AS Amsterdam, The Netherlands. Send for price list.

NOTE: The above special issue cannot be purchased without a signed release below. Limited to subscribers only in AL, FL, GA, NC, NE, TX, TN or UT. Available to all elsewhere.

NOTE TO OVERSEAS CUSTOMERS: WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY YOUR CUSTOMS OFFICIALS. RESIDENTS OF BRITAIN AND NEW ZEALAND ARE ESPECIALLY WARNED THAT CONFISCATION COULD LEAD TO PROSECUTION.

All prices include postage and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere (except Japan). Circle items requested and enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

[4864 Luna, Phelan]

I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE AND ACKNOWLEDGE THAT I AM REQUESTING SEXUALLY EXPLICIT, HOMOSEXUAL/BISEXUAL-ORIENTED MATERIALS. I AM NOT A LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIAL, POSTAL INSPECTOR OR MEMBER OF ANY CENSORSHIP GROUP. I WILL NOT EXHIBIT THIS MATERIAL TO A MINOR OR EXPOSE IT TO ANY PERSON WHOSE PRIVACY OR SENSIBILITIES MIGHT BE OFFENDED. I WILL NOT GIVE AWAY OR SELL THIS MATERIAL TO ANOTHER.

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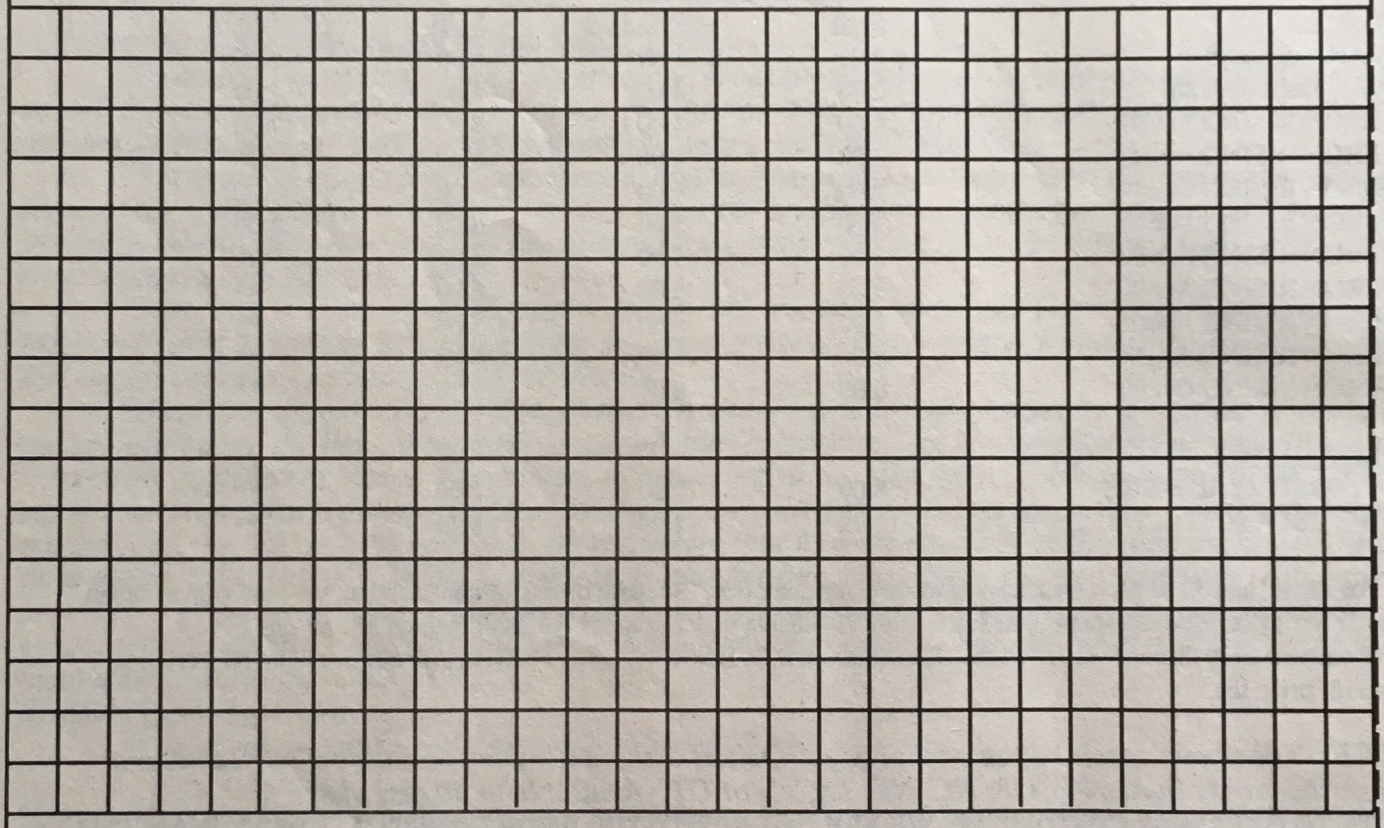
PERSONAL AD ORDER FORM

NOTE: THE DEADLINE FOR ADS IN THE FEBRUARY 91 ISSUE IS DECEMBER 15, 1990.

Personal ads are priced at $1.50 per line or fraction thereof ($3.00 for non-subscribers) using the following graph. Use one box per letter, number, punctuation mark or space between words. Minimum order: $10.00. Codewords (subscribers only) are $5.00 per ad per issue. A one-time telephone verification charge is $5.00 for publication of a telephone number. If you want CR to receive and forward your responses, indicate the codeword of your choice. If your codeword has already been assigned, we will assign one for you. Circle or highlight your ad heading so we can publish in bold letters. If your ad will not fit on the following grid, please make a copy and use two forms. Note: We will not allow descriptions of body weight, mannerisms, skin color, etc. in a negative context. CLEARLY specify what you *seek*, not what you *exclude*. *PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS.*



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I hereby authorize CHIRON RISING to publish the above ad, and I take sole responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident.
(Sign)_____

Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

IN CLOSING

MORE MINI-VACATIONS

It's amazing how much fun time you can squeeze out of a tight schedule if you just apply yourself. Of course, living in Southern California helps. No other area is so close to such a variety of tourist attractions. We haven't begun to scratch the surface and now realize that there is an endless supply of local mini-vacations waiting for us.

One Sunday afternoon in September, we drove to Huntington Beach in Orange County and spent the night with good friends BIG MAC and his partner. The following morning, after a delectable, California-style breakfast on Balboa Island (Newport Beach), we boarded the Catalina Flyer for Catalina Island. The Flyer is the largest and fastest catamaran in the U.S., rushing up to 500 passengers to Avalon in about 75 minutes.

We had a delightful time discovering the bay by glass bottom boat, touring Avalon by electric tram and strolling the streets. We also enjoyed a memorable lunch at the famous Busy Bee, where we discovered and raved over a unique jalapeno-dill mustard sauce. That afternoon, we returned to Balboa Island tired and thoroughly entertained.

After distributing our October issue, we hit the road again for a two day jaunt to Laughlin, Nevada, which is about 75 miles south of Las Vegas. The town is basically comprised of ten Las Vegas-type hotels with casinos, all but one lining the west side of the Colorado River, across from Bullhead City, Arizona. Laughlin is sort of the "blue collar" version of Las Vegas and is teeming with grey-haired couples driving RVs. The hotels are incredibly cheap and everywhere there are signs advertising breakfast buffets for less than a dollar and dinner buffets for less than four. So why were we there? To verify that Laughlin indeed had the greatest concentration of sexy, grey-haired men in the U.S.

We stayed at Harrah's Del Rio, which is a fairly new luxury hotel overlooking the rest of the area from a bluff. It has smoking and nonsmoking wings and even has a special, nonsmoking casino! Incredibly, the rate was $21 per night ($10.50 per person!) and the rooms are immaculate and elegant. Obviously the rate isn't that cheap during the season, which starts when the snowbirds arrive after Christmas. The hotel has eight restaurants, all serving superb food in every price range. The only drawback in staying at Harrah's is that it isn't convenient to walk to the other hotels below.

Down the hill, we found the hotel rates just as cheap and the food even cheaper. Best of all, there were thousands of hot-looking mature men to ogle. Many were accompanied by women, but a lot of them were by themselves. Walking through casino after casino, The FRIAR and I met the stares of quite a few men. It was obvious that we could have made some new friends if we'd had more time. In one of the casino rest rooms, a very attractive older man licked his lips at The FRIAR, rattling him.

We heard a rumor that the town has an adult book store with an arcade, but it isn't true. There is a book store in Bullhead City, but the arcade isn't at all like what we heard. Laughlin does have a rather cruisy (yet dangerous)-looking toilet north of town in a park near the bridge to Bullhead City, but there was no activity around it. It's probably hot, so beware.

If you like to gamble and enjoy watching attractive, mature men, check out very reasonable Laughlin. You might get lucky in more ways than one.

ANOTHER GREAT BIRTHDAY PARTY

In September we attended an unusual and memorable birthday party for a good friend and subscriber in L.A. The party was held in the back room of a popular Mexican restaurant in the Silverlake section of Los Angeles and was attended by about 40 guests. The birthday boy, a tall, handsome, distinguished-looking actor, was allowed to invite anyone he chose, so he asked all his favorite people. There were couples and singles of every sexual persuasion, including two CR models and a CR artist.

After a fun (and hosted) cocktail party and delicious dinner, the birthday boy opened his gag gifts, ranging from obscene T-shirts to a *pin-the-dick-on-the-daddy* game, handmade by artist AARON. The straight guests took all of it in stride and even laughed at most of the blistering repartee from REBEL II, one of our earlier models. I sat next to IRONWORKER, who graciously gave me his autograph and even allowed me to play with his crotch. Later, I asked REBEL II for his autograph, but he wanted too much money.

OUR READERS PANIC

We're amazed at reader reaction to the letter from S.F./New Jersey (LETTERS, October 90, page 5). S.F. proposed that we consider featuring an occasional photo of a man with a woman. Most responders urged us not to consider such a photo, and a couple of readers claimed to have heard a rumor that we were going to "start featuring women in CR." Please rest assured that we have no intention of presenting females or male/female couples in CR. We never did.

OUR BEST WISHES

We'd like to extend our warmest season's greetings for the coming holidays and new year. Since starting the magazine, this time of year has taken on a whole new complexion for us. We now see the holidays through the eyes of our readers, who've evolved from a broad spectrum of religious and philosophical beliefs. It is both the best and worst time of the year, depending upon one's point of view. For those readers who are ill, alone and/or struggling financially, it can seem like a terribly cruel period.

We'd like to urge all our more fortunate readers to embrace a benevolent attitude and reach out for someone who could use a little compassion. If you know someone who's ill, provide them with some food or company or offer to do some errands. If you have a friend or acquaintance who is lonely, invite them to a party or introduce him to your friends. Do you know someone who is struggling financially? How about giving them some unwanted clothing or food? Better still, take up a collection from your friends and send the guy some money anonymously. You can't imagine how good it will make you feel.

Please don't take this request lightly. Don't assume that someone else will do it. Don't wait until it's *you* in need before you realize the importance of giving.

Happy Holidays!

HAPPY 70TH BIRTHDAY, FRIAR!

What a man! But then, I'm rather prejudiced. He's an ex-POW who risked his own life many times to save other prisoners. He raised an extraordinary son, who, now 44, supports us in every way. A retired Air Force Lt. Colonel, he served his country well and has the medals and commendations to prove it. A retired banking officer, he's made his mark on the business world. Anyone else would have retired, bought a condo and commenced vegetating, but THE FRIAR isn't anyone else. He co-pioneered this brotherhood movement we call CHIRON RISING and shows no sign of slowing down. I'll never forget something his son told me the first time we met. Of course, he had no knowledge of the magazine then. He said, "Please never let Dad feel useless. Make him feel needed." Later, after everything was out on the table, I told his son: "How about making him feel *required?* Will that do?" Please join me in wishing Happy Birthday to my lover, partner, surrogate father and best friend. *The Editor*